

THE
DARK BLUE.

FEBRUARY 1872.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.


BY JOHN C. FREUND.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A BREAK.

Life is vast,
And life is little,
Death is short,
With scythe and sickle.
Man is vain,
And man is fickle;
God is all,
His might is mickle.

Old German Song.

OMETHING more than two years had passed—two great wonderful years—years that were dipped in the blood of struggling human races, years that were filled with the unknown foreshadowing of coming development, years that wrote with the old prophetic finger the fate of nations on the wall of actual occurrences! The world went on all the same, being married and given in marriage, bringing forth birth and suffering death, buying and selling, laughing and weeping, going that old round of selfish occupation, wondering a little, reading the newspaper accounts, venting some desultory opinions—eating its meat, drinking its wine, scraping its bow, adorning its person—while human, sensitive, divinely-organised beings, capable of the highest thoughts, the fairest imaginings, the deepest feelings, were shot down by ugly missiles made of insensible metals, trodden under foot by the brute force of animals, and slaughtered in cold blood by a fellow-creature's hand. Good God! when will it end? Must

human virtue be raised on individual vice, and must historical development ever be a game in which one side is 'Lost,' while the other 'Wins!'

The two years in the world's history were gone; in broad red streaks had a portion of the two years been painted, in grand black letters, had their mark been left on the book of time; and how had the two years fared with individuals? How with you and me? How with those whose history we have faintly depicted? Shall we tell you? Those same two years had repeated *that* in our individual cases, which they had accomplished in the national phases; they had given us death and life, joy and sorrow, leaving their scorching signs on some hearts, and their vivifying influence on others—proclaiming *loss* in one case and *gain* in the other!

Mary Zollwitz lay in her grave; the flowers bloomed on it, the robin decked it with moss, and the *white shadows* of a future life hovered over its innocent mortal inhabitant—fast mouldering to decay. Do you remember that hour, when George Harrowby held to the arm of his dead love? Can you imagine it? Can you see an anxious, renewed soul, holding to the raft that has saved it from shipwreck, as it loses that raft, and is again tossed upon the world's waves? Such was the first terrible impression of young Harrowby; such the mad despair that overcame him, as he stared at the blue lips before him! He saw the rigid face in his presence—he saw the other away in the dull cemetery, where drowned Charlotte Dudin rested. That moment bleached many a hair on George Harrowby's head—he gathered up strength sufficient to call for help, and became unconscious!

Telegraph-wires, those scientific harbingers of weal and woe among men, carried a dread message from Torgau, in Germany, to Suffolk, in England—Mary dead—Mary gone—Mary no more! Zollwitz was enjoying the sweet first weeks of communion with his betrothed, pouring out all the wealth and power of his burning thoughts to her, when death and sorrow, the two foes he had dreaded most, seized upon him and *forced* him to look at them! He had avoided them, he would not tolerate the idea of bearing the trouble which life brings us all, and he was made to learn its stern lesson. A mighty struggle convulsed his whole nature, as he held the telegram in his hand—Mary was dead!

Let us draw a veil over that soul-pain;—over the grief of all who had known sweet angelic Mary Zollwitz. A sudden heart spasm had ended her life, that hung but on a slight thread since she had struggled not to love the man in whose country her mother had ended so miserably! The moment in which love was triumphant, and she said 'Dear George,' that moment had snapped the cord; excitement had killed Mary Zollwitz. They buried her in the churchyard near Castle Freiberg, as she had willed.

Hermann Zollwitz did not return to England, when his sister had been

taken to her resting place; he entered upon his year's service as a volunteer. They stationed him at Torgau, and the old house on the Esplanade often contained three men, Holmann, Christian, and Zollwitz, who passed a miserable hour in agonised silence, 'mourning the dead.' The shock might have been fatal to Zollwitz's moral nature, as day by day he missed the sister-face, and as he became conscious of his selfish temper, had not another cheering spirit helped him. Ethel wrote healthy, loving letters, that recalled him to himself and made him look upon life as still worth having; he could not bring back the sacrifice which he might perhaps have prevented, and he *must* learn to bear the burden of his thoughts, that he had been neglectful of home affection. Ethel mourned also, but woman-like, her liveliest sympathies were with the man whose suffering she was anxious to relieve.

Zollwitz had passed his year of military service and had proved his title to worthy citizenship; he had planned at that time a six months' journey of enquiry with Mr. Damer in America, but events at home took such a change, that travelling had to be given up, and Zollwitz had to march as a defender of his country, to the Rhine. All those who study history knew that that collision had to come one day; it came with a crash! Will it come again, or will man ever use his opportunities for developing a higher state of civilisation, by cultivating *mutual* interests and not by sacrificing his fellow men to the Moloch of overbearing war-like desires? The worst of the bloody spectacle was over, and 'they' were returning home from the fields of France; Zollwitz had a wound in his arm, that was healing but slowly. Old Christian had had scruples whether to follow his boy to France or stay by the Professor; the wan looks of his learned friend—for those two were friends—carried the day; Christian stopped at home, to keep Holmann company in the solitary house, and to nurse the French soldiers as they were brought to Torgau, prisoners of war. The old man was born to look after helpless humanity, and he fulfilled his mission to the last moment of his life.

Zollwitz hurried to England at the end of the war. One mild spring day he lay on the grass before Aunt Sarah's farm-house, studying the file of the Daily News that Ethel had religiously kept. He read those vivid pages of correspondence with a zest, as if all were new to him; they had such a subtle attraction, perhaps not so powerful as some of the Jupiter's reports, or so smart as those of that other Daily, but they entered into the *corps d'esprit* of the German army, and comprehended individual idiosyncracies. The first gleam of a broad smile since Mary's death, passed across his face, as he heard the captain before Metz sing: 'Miss Lucy, Lucy Long.' The paper fell from his hands; Zollwitz was alone, puffing his long German pipe, and letting his brain go ruminating into the past. More than three years ago he had come to England

with clouded, wild ideas of liberty; with thoughts of throwing off all restraint, with the determined purpose, if England did not realise his aspirations to cry: '*Pereat mundus Europæus*' and to seek that liberty across the Atlantic. But he had been caught in the meshes of necessity, he had been gradually forced into comprehending the important truth, that liberty 'begins at home,' and had had sufficient moral power to go back and answer the call of *duty*. Those years had ripened Zollwitz far more for useful future action, than all the wild ravings of unbounded inspiration; between his sterner thoughts crept in Mary's sad face. Zollwitz, who had hated tears, dashed many away now. Another face, bright and hopeful, came across his vision—his own, own, own Ethel's. Had it not been worth while to come here and find *her*, whom he might never have met; a soul akin to his own, a spirit braver even than his own, as he knew well; a heart warm and loving, and a brain large and comprehensive; a body that clothed them all, beautiful and finely shaped? But Zollwitz saw not the body alone, he saw also the worth of the grace that dwelt in the body; a glow of ecstatic joy spread over his whole being, as he imagined a life-long companionship with such a helpmate! He glanced up, some movement fluttered near him—by his side stood she, bright Ethel; he held out his arm to her, as if he meant to say: 'Come!' She came, she knelt down by him and for a short brief space those two talked low and held each other in loving embrace, enjoying some of life's brightest moments?

'Be happy when you may,' said Aunt Sarah, as she came up; 'I'm beginning to think I might have done better than remain an old maid. My poor ideas of woman's strength have all gone; what with love-making, and farm-villaging, I'm no more the same old woman. I'm beginning to like the world and its inmates; I suppose I'm becoming a Christian.'

Aunt Sarah, looking not the least bit older than she had done two years ago, stood before the lovers; her eyes were swimming with moisture and the sharp intelligence of her countenance had given way to a soft, womanly charm, that made one forget her seventy years.

'Ill sit down a bit too, and if you don't mind, Ethel, I'll fancy I'm in love; you know I can't run away with him.'

A big strapping lad, Master Harry, rushed upon Aunty; he seemed to have got over his love-fits for Ethel: 'Come along with me, Aunty; don't stop with them, they are dull company and always in the clouds. Let's go to papa's cottages—I do like them, they look so jolly. I've only got another day before I go back to Halle. It's no use talking to mamma, she is taken up with her baby-girl, and papa won't be back from London till to-night.'

'Very well, Harry; your company will be better than none. I do fancy these two wish us elsewhere.'

Along the outskirts of the so-called Home-field, could be seen cottages with a couple of out-houses, lying at short distances from each other ; a small piece of land evidently belonged to all. The little farm-yards, if one might call them so, looked busy ; there was no pretension, no fine talk, as Aunt Sarah Damer and Harry went into the yards and spoke to the men or women. They had lost the stolid look of the farm-labourers, and answered cheerfully but respectfully ; Aunt Sarah bullied no more, but spoke about the work on her land in an easy off-hand way, showing that she made no longer a God of her farm-work.

'Papa is getting on fine, so little time as he has to spare ; he's got lots of other people to come up to his ideas of holding a meeting of farmers and landowners, and honestly inquiring if they can do something on our little plan. It's wonderful, Aunt Sarah, how these people are improving ; I do feel quite at home among them, they are not half so coarse as they used to be. The National School is full, the church and chapels never empty, the adult singing-class meets regularly, and the big meadow for the games is somehow always occupied of an evening. I hear old Grubbins at the 'Horses' goes on dreadfully against papa ; he says he ought to be indicted for a nuisance. Aunt Sarah, don't you think my papa a splendid fellow, and ain't you proud of him ?'

'Well, well ; he's not exactly a nuisance, but a bother. Gets people out of old comfortable grooves ; what's the use of it ?'

'To make people happy ; you know, you are happier now.'

'Bother ; perhaps I am, perhaps I'm not. Get along, and don't make me feel funny. Let's go home to the baby, I'll love it more than you.'

'All right ; I don't mind, give *her* the money.'

'Drat the money—don't think of it ; there she comes, I do declare, it's your mother, nurse and baby.'

'Aunty, stop, stop ; you are running away after a brat of a baby, as you used to say. Ha, ha, ha !'

Aunt Sarah was just then busy hugging the tiny morsel of humanity, that was becoming the joy of the house.

CHAPTER XLVII.

UNITED LIVES.

Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 'Dust thou art—to dust returnest,'
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.'

THE farm-hall, in Suffolk, was astir; people were hurrying to and fro; packages were being brought out, trunks handed about, forgotten keys looked for. When all the bustle was ended, and the carriages at the door were loaded to repletion, waiting their human freight, one of those earthly trials—leave-taking—was being gone through in the large parlour. Hermann Zollwitz and Ethel Harrowby were going to Germany, to be married; Mr. Damer, Harry, and Edward, were to accompany them. The baby-girl had been a great apple of discord between Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Damer; should the morsel be left at home, or taken? Should it be put under Aunt Sarah's charge, or should Mrs. Damer have herself to remain behind? Aunt Sarah was vociferous in her belief that old maids could manage babies; and Mrs. Damer fancied no hands could so well minister unto her wee darling as her own. Each lady held out, that the other must go. This very last morning it was undecided—the boxes of both were packed. Mr. Damer stood smilingly by, and enjoyed the fun.

'Mother Eve is still the same,' he said; 'her daughters *will* have their way.'

At last, both determined to remain. Ethel heard it, and went up to them. Her face glowed with suppressed excitement.

'Dear aunty, and you, would let me go alone? Could you really forget *me*—an orphan—in your great love for your child? And even you, Aunt Sarah; would you send a lone girl to enter her new life, and not support her with your sympathy?'

The selfishness of motherhood, did at last dawn upon Mrs. Damer's otherwise logical mind; and Aunt Sarah *did* remember the many pleasant hours that bright girl had given her.

Up came Mr. Damer, sorry to see Ethel so disturbed. Her lips were quivering.

'Jane, dear, should the new love drown the old? Should the elder sister not support the younger? Take the baby, and come both.'

It had never struck anybody to let the morsel go to the wedding. Ethel stood before her aunt, tears struggling to escape from her eyes.

'Nurse, make haste! pack up yours and baby's clothes—we'll take you both with us. Ethel, my child, forgive me.' Mrs. Damer kissed Ethel; then the poor girl's pent-up feelings gave way, and she whispered:

'Aunty, it is so hard to be motherless on the eve of that great day. I *do* love him much; but before I give myself all in all to him, I feel it is so sweet to have a woman's gentle influence around me. Aunty, how could you forget me?'

A close embrace was the answer. So there was no leave-taking after all. Another carriage was procured; Aunt Sarah gave her instructions to her major-domo, and the whole party left an hour later.

It seemed odd that Ethel should not be married in her own home; but mighty reasons had been urged against it. The Zollwitzes had always been resident on their estates, careful of the interests of those who were in some measure swayed by their actions; and the absenteeism that had been brought about by the sad catastrophe in the family, had been a sore trial to the surrounding villages. Hermann Zollwitz's father had brought home a bride foreign in habits to the Silesian landholders. She had been looked upon as a stranger; until her high-minded courage had somewhat subdued their doubts of her fitness for her position. Hermann Zollwitz himself was to bring home altogether a foreign bride, and might the melancholy end of his mother not in some way cast a shade over his own wife's actions? Professor Holmann, ever anxious for the welfare of the only member of the Zollwitz family now remaining, had earnestly advised that the wedding should take place at Castle Freiberg—that would at once make Ethel *one of them*, and facilitate her entrance upon her new duties. Holmann had given up the Torgau house, shut up its memories, and let it to a noisy captain's family, who were driving away the old sad reminiscences, and filling its rooms with the healthy, boisterous tones of young life.

The Professor and Christian had been busy at Castle Freiberg; decked it out for one joyous festal day, after so much misery—so much 'lost' life; and the two old friends were sitting—their labour done—on the terrace, looking out for those other friends from England. They came—what a cavalcade! The whole district seemed alive and astir with joy and happiness. The Germans have an instinct for welcoming people. It is no use to try *incognitos*: they will make a garland, or hoist a flag. The party was brought in with a 'triumphzug'—all the incongruous signs of loyalty that could be got together were present. The pastor came in his priest's gown; the schoolmaster marched the children up to

sing Lutheran hymns, and patriotic stirring songs; the Schulze's pretty daughter handed a lovely bouquet of the first Spring flowers to Ethel; and the peasant girls, in their rich national dress, strewed flowers and young Spring foliage along the path. The cavalcade halted at the entrance; old Mrs. Dornbush, the agent, Holmann, and Christian received it. How they crowded to get but one glimpse of Ethel! It was Ethel they wanted—the wife of their lord! They cared far less for the lord himself: *the benignant influence of a noble woman, in high position, is a power immeasurable in moral extent!*

Ethel got out—Ethel stood before them—fresh like a rose, self-dependent; every feature, every movement, impressed with Nature's seal of sound worth. She was not so beautiful as that other fated bride; but she was more—she was hopefulness itself! Ethel did not withdraw from inspection; she understood the yearning of those men, women, and children; made friends with them at once, and gained their hearts by one bright, grateful smile.

'Das ist die Rechte!' they said to each other; 'look at her, what a lovely girl. Nicht hochtrabend, die wird kochen und backen und wirthschaften, wie, eine ehrliche schlesische Landfrau. Hoch! hoch! hoch! die Frau soll leben!'

From hundreds of throats the 'hoch' went up—again, and again, and again. To them, she was already the 'Frau'; to them she was already the presiding genius of the neighbourhood.

The wedding was over—Hermann and Ethel were man and wife! The early May-day was closing in; their wedding day was waning towards its decline. Hermann and Ethel were not going on a tour—their people could not have parted with them; and they wanted from the first to be at home, on their own ground. Oh! that idea—to have a bit of *own* ground; to know that a few yards of this earth's surface are yours—yours in reality; to know that you may dig, and plant, and grow, there on that spot, how and what it pleases you! Lords and ladies, men and women, who do not appreciate that possession—who squander away your time and income, wrung from the cultivators of your lands, in the false excitement and hollow civilisation of large towns; men and women, go home, and learn the value of your possessions, and the obligations it entails upon you! The day may come when worthier than you will dwell on that ground. To enjoy the society of equals for some short space in the year, by leaving your country homes, is one thing; to neglect your country homes is another! *Absenteeism is a crime!*

The visitors and guests were all assembled in the spacious and magnificent drawing-rooms and galleries of the castle. Mrs. Damer was the presiding genius—the baby being asleep. The bride and bridegroom

were told they were not wanted, and might roam at their leisure, and they did. Ethel had donned a plain dress; so had Zollwitz. They went their way, having been promised by Mr. Damer immunity from again returning to the company. Was it not a company? Edward Damer was a little bored at first; but even *he* could not withstand the general hilarity. Some two dozen guests had been bidden to the afternoon dinner, and they had no intention of leaving. They were wealthy, all of them, had their carriages and fine blood horses waiting for them, and enjoyed the society of the 'Engländer.' Mr. Damer, now able to speak German fluently, met with kindred spirits, deep in agricultural matters. Aunt Sarah nodded and smiled most incongruously whenever addressed deferentially by some proud Silesian dame. Mrs. Damer, supported by Professor Holmann, had a host of young men and women around her; they took to her naturally, as you would to a sympathetic goddess. Edward was admiring the dawning beauty of a young countess; and Harry was ever behind Christian, enjoying most his monosyllabic remarks.

Out on the terrace of the castle stood Hermann and Ethel Zollwitz, their hands linked together, their earnest faces cast in Rembrandt shade and light by the fitful gleams of the struggling sun rays, as they pierced the interposing cloud masses above. It was not *all* sunshine around them; it would not be all sunshine before them. They did not expect it; they were ready to go the brave, honest, hard-working road of life, enjoy its joys, and battle with its troubles—doing their work. There they stood; the grey outlines of the castle at their back, the blue mountains and dark pines beyond, the flowers at their feet; two young valiant beings, each lending the other help to live, and not forgetting in their great mutual love the aim of all love: 'its communion with the rest of the world.' Closer and closer they were linked in one solemn, life-promising embrace; and then, having mutely understood each other, they went down beyond the castle to the churchyard; and where the robin redbreast had decked a grave with bits of moss, they stood communing with the sweet spirit that had flown, and had paid the penalty of the parents' wrong.

In an ancient country-house, in Hampshire, somebody sat that same evening of Zollwitz's and Ethel's wedding-day, in his library—young Lord Wharnton. He had been invited, but how *could* he have gone to Castle Freiberg on that day? True, he had been there many and many a day, sitting on that grave, whispering words of love to the mouldering husk below, and groaning in the very agony of grief. But, to-day—how could he have been there to-day, while marriage-bells rang, and wedding guests swarmed about? Not he, indeed, to be there then! In his library he sat, the shutters shut, the curtains drawn, his head leaning on

his arm—the despair of sweet remembrances in his heart. ‘Dear George,’ came again and again floating in the air to his ear; ‘Dear George’ hovered around him like the tones of heavenly harpists. God! oh, God! what pain there exists in this world—what discords sway our human sensibilities—what harsh touches vibrate on the finely-toned nerves of our being! And young Lord Wharnton felt it all—felt the depth of grief, misery, and despair; he knew that fate had dealt righteously with him. For the crime to have robbed Charlotte Dudin of her purity in wanton passion, fate had robbed him of the pure love of Mary Zollwitz. No marriage-bells for him—no wedding guests to salute his bride! He sat desolate and lonely in his library in Hampshire.

Poor George Harrowby! May the gods, kinder than the fates, bring you balm some day! Thou didst but follow the general fashion!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ZOLLWITZ SPEAKS AND BISMARCK LISTENS.

But he who boldly ventures, grandly wins;
And earns a brilliant pardon for all sins.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

IN the beginning of May, the wedding had taken place; by the end stirring times had come upon Freiberg. Zollwitz and Ethel were alone now; the Damers had departed; Holmann and Christian, so closely united to the family, had naturally taken up their abode at the castle, for the few years that remained to them. The young married people were in Elysium; ever active, ever studying their social duties, ever fostering something or other by their influence. Old Mrs. Dornbush shed tears over her lady's goodness and cleverness.

‘Such a housekeeper,’ said she, ‘it's wonderful, where she learnt it; never tired to listen to me, never fatigued by the talk of the peasants' wives; looking here and there and everywhere. Enchanting the school-master by inspecting the schools, visiting the sick, encouraging the lazy. There, God bless her, I never thought so much goodness could come out of England—a detestable country, I believe, where women don't know how to knit a stocking. Just think, Mrs. Hirsch, where the women cannot knit a stocking; it's shocking to think of. And you should see her, my lady I mean, play the grand; she gets over that old termagant, Countess Gricien, and carries the day with Frau von Schlitzer, and goes to the Soldiers' Home to look after the invalided, winning the old general's heart. Bless my soul! she never can be an Englishwoman!—there must be some Silesian blood in her.’

Herr von Schlitzer had been obliged by ill health to give up his place in the Diet. Zollwitz had been chosen instead. Zollwitz and Ethel went up to Berlin. Now began that grand life for which Zollwitz had been longing; the life to make one of his country's deputies; to influence his country's policy, and by it, in some measure, the progress of humanity. Berlin was crowded. Great times had come upon Berlin. It had become the cynosure of other nations' eyes, and was pointed at as a centre of modern civilisation. Ethel came here, young, fresh—ready to see and comprehend the concerns of other people. Soon there gathered around her a circle of eager admirers; for Ethel would not be hid. She entered so fully into life's work that she became a power within a short time.

It was to be the day of her young husband's first speech. What a day! To see him, to whom her own existence was united by the closest tie humanity knows—to see him stand up among his country's chosen delegates, and give voice to the opinions gathered by study and thought! It was a solemn day for Ethel. She sat in the gallery, supported by half-a-dozen friends of her husband; for in Berlin, ladies and gentlemen may be seated in the same gallery. Zollwitz rose, and spoke. The name was known to many, and the eyes of many were on him. Courageously he stood up, and began to speak on the laws that should govern Alsace and Lorraine. There was something new in his voice; something foreign in his measured words; there was something English in his periods. He rather reasoned than gave his opinion; he rather wished to awaken the Diet to the responsibility it was incurring opposite the world, than merely blurt forth his own dogmatic decision. Little by little he awakened a new feeling in that cynic assembly—a feeling that an embryo orator stood there—that a nascent statesman of wide views was before them. Little by little something else happened. A man on the centre seat of the bench that belongs to the Reichsrath or Imperial Council, became attentive; looked up from his papers, crossed his arms on his broad chest, fixed his earnest eye on young Zollwitz, and nodded his head approvingly. The new deputy's opinions were not his own; but they were honest, straightforward, and bold. The new deputy's language was not his own, for it was conciliatory—learnt in England—and his was brusque and offensive; but the new deputy had a great soul, a mind of his own, and a tongue that could give vent to the conceptions of both. The man on the central seat of the bench, where the Imperial Council was seated, understood that; and Bismarck, the assertive, active man of the *present*, knew that before him stood Zollwitz, the conciliatory, reflective man of the *future*.

Zollwitz's speech was a great success, and his reward was a tender embrace, a long, loving kiss from his young English wife!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DAMERS AT HOME.

A good man is a sight for the gods.

GIVEN a snug house in Brompton, a small trim garden, an atmosphere of unostentatious comfort without, the sound of contented voices, the look of orderly management within; given the lights out at night before twelve, and the shutters open in the morning by seven—what deduction would you make from all these propositions? That human beings existed here who had taken life by the forelock. They were the Damers. Before that house there stood, many a morning, dark-coloured broughams, with peculiar visitors, men high in position in the affairs of the country, coming to see a plain, towering man, who had been ridiculed a good deal for peculiar crotchets. Mr. Damer had worked unceasingly; alone he had visited America; alone he had again seen Continental countries; alone he had thoroughly investigated the great centres of commercial and manufacturing life at home. He had not disdained to read older authorities on political development; he had not despised to study mere theorists; he had not neglected to look into the rise of peculiar English constitutional forms. Before him lay that old essay of Zollwitz's; a remarkably lucid statement; how England was but partially developed, being, though constitutionally governed, represented in certain interests only, and having neglected the fundamental primary strata of its composition. Mr. Damer had not been ashamed to own the worth and deep reasoning power of that essay. He had re-read it for the twentieth time that morning.

The bright June sun shone into his study—a modest room, compared to that in Eaton Square; the sun's rays fell full upon Mr. Damer's face; it was furrowed by a good many more lines, in which, according to Lavater, thought and reflection, but above all, the power of comparison, had built nests. Every now and then Mr. Damer's head was thrown back, with a peculiar gesture, and his eyes went meditatively up to the ceiling. Mr. Damer could sit still now, and was satisfied with a reasonable space for his peregrinations. He was at that moment engaged in earning a few pounds by scribbling. The leader ended, Mr. Damer took up a letter just received from a cabinet minister, on the desirability of his again entering Parliament, becoming a legislator, and naturally one of the executive.

'No,' said Mr. Damer, 'not yet; I am not yet ready. My shield must have no flaw in it when I come again to the fore.'

A gentle knock at the door. 'Come in.' Mrs. Damer entered. He gave her the letter; she read it eagerly.

'Do, Robert, offer yourself again; you must surely be prepared now!'

'Perhaps; but I must go in under other auspices.'

'What do you mean?'

'I want to enter at the next General Election—it will surely be by ballot. I would rather come in with the rag, tag, and bobtail, that is *presumably* to come in then.'

'Robert, your radicalism is getting horrible!'

'No, no! you don't understand me! I am not so radical as not to have my eyes open. I'll have no false pretence, or undue pressure. I'll try to represent the people soundly; not as a clamouring leader of multitudes, but as an honest guide for their rational self-assertion. I couldn't do that till next election. Besides, I must not neglect Edward. I am quite aware that I placed a great temptation in his way by that money; and I have to watch him a little longer, to see him go the right road. I think he has much improved by accompanying us abroad; he shall go again. At home, his money is such a fearful temptation for getting fast. Next year he will have done with Cambridge. Harry seems to get on remarkably well at Halle; he'll be for some time with the Zollwitzes. I am glad Edward and Lord Wharnton are such friends, I respect Wharnton sincerely; he will drive all snobbism out of Edward. By-the-bye, Jane, whom do you think I saw yesterday? that nice girl, Adelaide Trevor; and now I know who was George Harrowby's nurse. She came to him dressed in the garb of one of St. Mary's Sisters, when a nurse was required from the hospital; Miss Trevor had been attending there for some time. She owned it all to me, and told me that her brother found George Harrowby one night wounded by a fall outside the Alhambra, and took him home. It is much to me if the misery poor Wharnton has passed through cannot be in some measure healed by that dear noble girl. Poor fellow! he deserves it now!'

'I never can forget Mary Zollwitz!' said Mrs. Damer, gently.

'Nor I. Jane, dear, don't talk about it. The life "lost" in this world, through the agency of our wilful passions, or the inadequacy of our social arrangements, is a fearful holocaust to contemplate. The consequences of our actions do not always fall upon ourselves; the worst is, they fall mostly upon others.'

'Dear Robert, let us be a little cheerful to-day. You know who will be here soon—Aunt Sarah.'

A cab drove up, heaped up with innumerable hampers and parcels. It was Sarah Damer, from Suffolk. Hearty welcome over, said the old lady:

'Robert, the cottages are thriving better and better. I wouldn't own it before, but I must now. The people around us are beginning to

respect us. God bless you, my boy! there is downright good stuff in you! Where's the baby?

The morsel was brought, and the ladies, like mothers and aunts, thought it the most perfect piece of mechanism created, as it looked up with its wondering deep blue eyes.

On that same evening, at a late hour, a tall man stood in the little Brompton garden. The sky was clear, the atmosphere free from vapoury cloud-matter, and through the pure mixture of gases shone the scintillating heavenly bodies, called stars. All in the house were at rest, but that man. Having thrown away his cigar, he gazed up into those unknown worlds; his gaze became intenser, his bearing grander; he folded his arms across his chest, and lifted his soul up to the immense immeasurable distance beyond. What were his thoughts then? Clothed in but few formulas, full of consciousness that he was *a man*, the highest organised being on the face of the heavenly body which he inhabited; this thought was followed by another—to do his best, and use all the energy he could spare from the concerns of his family, in creating such social roads and humane ways as would give other men and women full room to live the life of nobly organised beings; not to stumble about their earthly abode like 'lost' sheep in their Master's fold. When the man had thought his thoughts, he bowed his head humbly, and went into his modest home, with his hand pressed on the ever memorable half-crown.

'I'll not forget my monitor,' said he.

Let Mr. Damer speak for himself at the next General Election!

THE END OF 'APOLOGIA MEA.'

THE twelve numbers have run their course; the last were somewhat compressed, since we meant to keep our promise not to let this romance outrun the first year's existence of the 'Dark Blue.' We have little to say; *there is no preface to write*. If we have deviated somewhat from ordinary grooves, we have done so with a view to show, in a slight measure, the union of vast concerns and individual life; and to prove that we are all particles of one great unity. Faintly have we hinted that on the action of one particle upon the other depends the harmony of the whole; and that the thoughtless passions, desires, and unduly asserted wants of one portion of those human particles, may procure gratification in which the very life of others is 'lost.'

IRELAND AND HER NEED.

UPON the question before us now, viz :—‘Ireland and her need,’ I propose to write only so far as my own experience is concerned, and in doing so, I may state, that I am by birth, an Irishman, and have had a long experience as a land agent in dealing with the land, the people, and the laws. The subject is certainly not a new one, but there are two questions connected with it, which must occasionally present themselves to an interested and observant mind. They are these: why does land in Ireland fetch a higher price than land in England? and why does legislation fail to make Ireland a quiet country? With regard to the first question, no doubt, the greater the demand for anything the higher will be its price in the market, for naturally, it becomes more scarce; and again, the more of it that is sold, the more people there will be to buy; for who is not aware that if Mrs. A. buys a carriage, Mrs. B. is sure to discover that she sadly wants one too. But it is not the Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. principle which causes the demand for land. The reasons are substantial, and such as cannot be denied; they are moreover, grave, and pregnant with much truth.

The people of Ireland, as a nation, are not as yet sufficiently removed from an aboriginal state. They are tillers of the land and raisers of cattle, emphatically.

The son that is born to-day, will soon herd his father's cattle and neglect his school; a few years more and his one ambition will be to guide the plough; and not much later on, with quite insufficient means, he will seek a farm for himself, and follow in his father's steps as nearly as it is possible to do so. The same course will be pursued by all his brothers, be their number even five or six.

It is because the Irishman is born to farm, brought up to farm, lives to farm, marries to farm, begets to farm and dies farming; that I say, that he is as yet not sufficiently removed from his aboriginal state. To till the earth and be lord upon it, over every living thing, was doubtless man's first estate; but as time rolled on nations have aspired to higher

spheres of thought and labour ; of these nations Ireland is not one. True, there are to be found small isolated districts ; where the attention of the people has been to some degree diverted from the ever-absorbing topics of farming and the land, and directed to perceive there are other modes as easy, by which a man can live ; but these districts are few in number. In the south, one here, one there, a hundred miles apart. In the north they are more numerous, though strictly speaking the exception. The onus, therefore, if we may so speak, for the employment of the people and for their support, is entirely thrown on the *land*.

And what must be the consequence ? Men's minds are full of one subject—the land. They seek to provide for themselves, but only by—the land. They propose a provision for their sons, but only by means of—land. And so it comes that they are easily led away by the propounder of Fenian doctrine, for he promises them the ownership of the land. A man with capital will give a large price for an estate, knowing how great a demand there is for every acre ; he then lets it at a high rent, and as the demand becomes greater by the numbers who seek it increasing, he gradually raises the rent, and thus the poor tenant suffers, getting every year poorer and poorer. Take an Irishman's farm from him, and you may as well take his life, for in his ignorance he always imagines, that no farm can be as good as his own, upon which, it is more than probable, he has for many a year simply been *eking out* a bare existence. Futhermore, he knows of no other means by which to earn his bread.

How different are things in England ! Every county has, besides its farms, its several manufactures ; in some districts mining holds the palm, or at least to a great extent, and the people find their work in *thousands* of different channels. Let us take a case. A man takes a farm in England, perhaps in some Midland county, he struggles on for a time through the good years and the bad, trying first one experiment and then another, until at last his head, he feels, is somewhat above water. He then thinks it time to marry, and takes to himself a wife : probably they have several children. The attendance of these children at daily school is generally well looked after—they come to riper years, and the subject of their capabilities is often much discussed. One son follows in his father's steps, and becomes a farmer ; another is apprenticed to a miller ; a third is bound to a hosier, or they may be employed in foundries, dockyards, brewers' work. One daughter goes into a shop to learn some fancy trade ; another, it may be, is appointed to a post in a telegraph-office ; and a third is made a school-teacher, and thus the family is disposed of, each earns his bread honestly, and not one is a drag upon or a hindrance to the other. To this picture there are doubtless exceptions, but what I insist upon is this, that *in Ireland, farming is the one great thought and employment of the people ; in England such*

is not the case. In England there is no one all-absorbing thought, no one all-absorbing employment—there are thousands of fields for honest work, and thousands of hands as honest, willing to learn and do it. And thus I argue it is, that in striking contrast to the Englishman, the Irishman has yet to learn that though farming the land be wholesome, and a good and right employment for himself and the Maori alike, there are countless other ways in which a man can earn his bread. To turn his attention to these other ways should be our most earnest aim. Were this accomplished, we should find that instead of men being sufficiently insane to give fifty years' purchase for their land, as lately occurred in Waterford, they would learn its proper value. Now, their heads are turned, for they think of nothing but land, and when the occasion offers, if the means can be scraped together, they will pay the most fancy prices to keep the land they have had as tenants, or to become possessors of more. Thus their future prospects suffer, and Paddy still is poor.

But some one may remark, 'Then you think the population of Ireland far too great?' I distinctly answer 'No.'

The population is small considering the area of the country, as compared with that of others, but *the farming population is double what it should be*, and the contention for land, runs it up to so high a price, for renting or for purchase, that to gain a living by farming is a very difficult task. The small farmer in the north of Ireland, who has saved a little capital, constantly pays for the tenant right of a poor farm, one-half of its value in fee, reserving, it is more than probable, a perfectly inadequate sum, to work the land he has leased. His rent soon falls into arrear, eviction then comes threatening, and eventually often takes place, and even when it does not, as a result of debt and despair at the thought of losing his farm, he determines to take revenge, and plots for his landlord's life. The landlord applies to the Government for protection. The Government offers rewards to informers, but of these there are none to be found, the district is proclaimed, the number of police is doubled, and the taxes likewise, for their maintenance: thus things go from bad to worse, and the country is what it is—discontented, unquiet and poor, the pity of the world and the ridicule of nations.

But before passing on to another question, I have yet observations to make on the farming and farmers of Ireland; and the fact that the number of farmers is too large, and that the mind of the nation is too much engrossed by one employment, makes a full and clear apprehension of the following serious truths all the more important. The small farmer of the north has his counterpart in the south, and the class to which I now refer, is by far the most numerous in Ireland. That is to say, the small tenant farmer, who holds from year to year, one to ten acres of land. He has no lease, and no capital, tenant-right does not

exist, and he is unread and ignorant. For a few years, however, by continually exhausting the land, he manages to pay his rent—but as a consequence of such bad treatment, the land ceases to yield, and eventually the tenant loses it, his family enters the workhouse, and the man tramps about the roads, in search of an odd day's work, or lives upon his neighbours; then he takes the Fenian oath, and ranks as a "deliverer of his country" from the English tyrant's yoke. Thus it is that rebels are created. The ignorant, idle, younger sons of perhaps a not badly off farmer, who during their whole life have never once even conceived the thought, that they can live by other means than farming, who have tried their hands at their father's employment, marry, and becoming parents by six and twenty years of age of half-a-dozen babies, are ultimately swamped, by nought but their own folly.

But there is another class in Ireland as much to be pitied as the last. I refer to the stronger tenant, who probably has a lease, and holds from twenty to one hundred acres of land, of a third-rate kind. He has means to purchase stock, and doubtless to pay for labour. As far as one would think from report, he ought to be a thriving man, and on the road to independence. But take a walk over his farm, you will then know much more about him. He holds about ninety acres, and the land is poor and wet; but the rent is proportionately small, about 80% per annum. He has lately been draining the farm, but still he complains it is wet, and says his crops are not good.

We examine—and what do we find? The drains instead of being thirty feet apart, are much nearer ninety; instead of being four feet deep, they are generally two and a half. No care has been taken to vary the size of the several pipes laid down, in accordance with the quantity of water that they must be prepared to discharge. In every case we also observe, that the minor drains discharge into sub-mains right opposite to one another. The outfalls are not protected by masonry, and no drinking places for cattle have been either built or paved. The water courses have not been scoured, and the ditches are all choked with weeds. There are far too many fields upon the farm, and the fences are ten times too large. The gates all drag upon the ground from defective arrangement of the hinges. The grass land of the farm requires to be broken up and to be put through a series of cropping. But upon all these essential matters the tenant is profoundly ignorant. How could he succeed? *Though farming all his life, he does not know its first principles.*

Here then, we have two classes of men trying to live by farming, neither of which can possibly reach any degree of prosperity. And what is the inference to be drawn? Undoubtedly it is this, that neither the one class nor the other, ought ever to have attempted farming, and as we have said before, it is the numbers who do attempt it, and the

numbers who try farming and nothing else, although they are wholly unqualified, that make the price of land so high as it is in Ireland—so high, that the day must come when men must give up the idea that the land can provide for all.

And now we come to our second question. Why does legislation fail to make Ireland a quiet country?

The reasons to me seem plain—and the first one I give is this, that all recent legislation makes Paddy no better off. He still is as poor as a rat, and unless by emigration, he sees no brighter prospect in store for him in the future. He is therefore discontented and makes as much noise as he can. Touch a man's pocket and you touch his heart. Now the severance of the Church from the State, though, certainly to the mind of many, a just and proper course, did not tend to fill the pocket. A certain inequality in the distribution of favours, it may be, was done away—but it went no further.

The recent Land Bill, now become law, though intended well and as a great remedial measure, doubtless will not prove to be anything of the kind, for the class it will chiefly benefit, were few in number at any time, viz: the tenants who paid their rent, but who having no lease were turned out at six months' notice without any compensation, to gratify the landlord's whim; while the class, far the largest in numbers, and composed of the men who give trouble, viz: the small tenants without any means, are in no wise benefitted by the Bill.

What the Government have to meet is this: a large and idle, grumbling class of surplus would-be farmers who, finding no profitable or remunerative work in the only field of labour they have tried, and totally ignorant of the many other fields of industry, which in England are known to all, have turned into a noisy, useless mob of low and senseless agitators, ready to be led by any fool and to hearken to the most empty blustering.

It is the manifest wants of such a class who know not their needs themselves that the Government should try to supply, for it is not the nobles and gentry who complain, nor the men of education, nor is it the clergy who constantly clamour about the grievances of a down-trodden country. Nor yet does the comfortable farmer join, in the cry of 'Down with England.'

I could mention two or three large estates, though *great* exceptions, where a grumbler could not be found, and where on no terms, would the people change their present lot; and what is the reason of this? Simply, they have money saved, and every want supplied.

Afford to the surplus farming Irish population the means to become well off, and you will surely find that they will care little about Church and State, or endowments for this college or the other, or .. parliament

to sit in Dublin, or the release of political prisoners, or the shutting of the gates of Derry.

But how is this to be done? It can only be achieved by legislation. Let the Government at once adopt a large, open-handed, liberal policy towards Ireland, remembering ever the fact, that whatever redresses have been made of late, there is an immense sum of money due to Ireland yet, as an integral part of the kingdom, for not half the revenues received by her rulers from her in years gone by, have been laid out upon or even in the country. A very mistaken policy, to say the very least.

Now, supposing the means to be forthcoming, how ought the Government to proceed?

The course to be pursued is this: either teach the farmers how to farm, so that their labour will remunerate them, or, by placing within their reach other ways of living, induce them to give up farming altogether.

Now, to accomplish the first, as model farms would not answer the purpose, the following plan should be adopted.

Let the Government purchase large tracts of the country from the present proprietors, taking especial care that the amount purchased in each province be in proportion to its area and population. Upon the Government estates let four agricultural colleges be established, one in Ulster, one in Munster, one in Leinster, and one in Connaught.

The restrictions concerning admission should be few, and a residence at one of these for a specified time should entitle the pupil who has resided (besides other rewards he may have obtained during such term of residence), to the right of selecting a farm upon the estate, the power being given to him to borrow at an interest of 3 per cent. per annum, a sufficient sum upon the security of the land, to crop or stock his farm, such money to be repaid in the form of instalments, spread over a number of years, which would also include the price of the land in fee.

He would thus in time become sole owner of the farm on the identical plan which building societies adopt with their patronizers. I believe from a long consideration of the pro's and con's of this subject, that it would without doubt be found, that such an organisation of the whole institution might easily be planned, that it would when once established prove entirely self-supporting, and such a boon to the country at large, that much of the poverty and discontent would vanish. The resident would, by labour for which he would receive good wages, have an opportunity to save, for although he would pay for his provisions, they would be supplied to the agricultural institutions upon so large a scale, that they would be much cheaper in price. The colleges should be conducted by highly qualified men, distinguished for their knowledge of making farming pay, and not for their knowledge of the latest innovations. By

this means I feel convinced that the younger sons of the farmers, who now form a poor and idle class, would be enabled to become small proprietors, contented and independent.

But the alternative we must look at also. If the numbers farming be too great, and the plan which I have set forth for their better education be not adopted; then—turn these peoples' minds into other channels for their labour, where they can earn their bread as well. Let, in other words, manufacturing colleges be set up in the poorest and most wretched districts, where labour would be very cheap, where the people could be taught many trades, and where, in a similar manner, they would receive good wages for their work. Such establishments, I also maintain, would prove entirely self-supporting. Let the harbours of Ireland be opened up for more extended trade and commerce; let the River Shannon be made use of; let dockyards and arsenals be built at Irish ports, instead of confining them to England; let the Government purchase the railways and reduce the fares to one-third of the existing rate, both for passengers and for freight; give the Catholics and Protestants equality, with a just and impartial hand, and I venture to affirm that the aspect of the country will improve, and the grumbling of its people will soon cease.

A Government is like a parent; and no parent could expect his family to be quiet and content if he pursued a policy of getting from them as much as he possibly could, and giving them as little as they would take. But how different upon the other hand, the family where the parent is their leader, when he instructs them in that whereof they are ignorant, helps them when they need his help, and satisfies their reasonable wants:—the house is a quiet house, and its inmates a happy circle. And so it might be with Ireland and her parent England.

But to such suggestions, some one may reply, 'It is the want of coal and iron which makes it impossible for Ireland to compete with England in the business of manufacturing.' To such my answer is that there are numerous manufactures, which need little coal or iron to carry them on, and it must also be remembered that coal, though brought from England and Wales to Ireland, is cheaper by many shillings per ton in Dublin than it ever is in London. Then against the freight of necessary iron, which must be bought in England, you have to place the difference in price of labour in the two countries. Labour in Ireland being generally one-half the price it is in England.

If England understood Ireland's wants, and then comprehending them, would liberally supply them, that part of her dominion would prosper, and the world would hear less about her. England would be a gainer in many ways, but especially as regards her purse.

COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE.

BY MAJOR KNOLLYS, F.R.G.S.

WE are quite aware that on reading the title of this article many people will turn away with a shrug of disapproval, saying, 'That system may do very well in Prussia, but it would never be endured in this free country.' To such a possible—nay, probable—objection, we have a very simple answer, which is that patriotism means nothing if not the sacrifice of individuals for the public good. If by compulsory service alone we can ensure the safety, and what is even of greater importance, the honour of the country, then such a method of raising soldiers ought to be introduced. That there should be a distaste to it is not surprising; many things which are necessary or desirable are unpleasant; paying taxes, for instance, and serving on juries, are neither of them agreeable duties, but it is necessary that they should be fulfilled. The nation is convinced of the necessity, and consequently submits, with an occasional grumble, to that which is inevitable. Let the nation be once convinced that compulsory military service is essential, and it will pay it with as much readiness as it now pays taxes. To our minds, the very objections urged against the innovation are the strongest arguments in its favour. The public exclaims against it, because that public has lost much of the martial spirit which once distinguished it; because it is becoming daily more slothful, more luxurious, more self-indulgent, and less disposed to submit to any authority. Of late years liberty has degenerated into license; most men envy their more highly placed or richer neighbour; the most ordinary marks of respect are hurtful to the universal conceit which possesses us; and the most necessary restraints are felt to be irksome. Even the observance of those conditions under which alone society can exist are regarded as oppressive. In short, as regards the majority, each man lives for himself, and views everything merely as it concerns his own interests. Such being the case, we cannot be astonished that a law which would compel the sacrifice of individual ease or indulgence in license—nicknamed independence—for the purpose of ensuring the safety of all, should excite the most bitter opposition. If, however, such is the state of feeling of the nation, it is evident that, in case of danger, we should be unable to reckon on a reappearance of the warlike spirit of our ancestors, even if, in a crisis, hasty levies of enthusiastic, but untrained, men would be of the slightest value. Con-

sequently, not only would the remedy we propose cure an undoubted state of disease in the body politic, and restore the nation to its former condition of manly patriotism, but it would also induce a higher state of vigour than has yet been attained. We require compulsory service, not only because of the mortal sickness, but also as a means of curing it. The more unwilling the nation to accept it, the more energetically should its introduction be urged. Let us, however, set aside all consideration of the moral effects of such a measure, and look upon merely its material aspects. It is asserted by some that voluntary enlistment can, by proper management, be made to afford a supply ample for all requirements, and that, therefore, neither universal liability to military service nor a conscription is necessary. We will try and convince such persons of their error. It is notorious that our soldiers have for some years past been greatly falling off in physical, we may add, in moral qualities also. The line of to-day bears the same relation to the line of twenty years ago, that the militia bears to the line of to-day. The authorities have, ever since the Crimean war, been using their utmost endeavours to make a soldier's life more attractive to him in every way, and with results which would astonish the Duke of Wellington, could he rise from the grave. They have also lowered the standard of height considerably, and are ready to welcome the merest boys; yet, in spite of improvements in the condition, and a diminution of the qualifications, of the soldier, recruiting is in a most unsatisfactory state. We have not at our elbow any returns on the subject, but we have good reason for believing that at the present moment the army is below its establishment. The supply, in fact, fails both in quality and quantity. Even, however, supposing that every regiment was complete, the state of affairs would still be practically such as we have represented it to be, for only efficient soldiers should be reckoned, and our ranks are, it is well known, full of weedy boys, who would break down at the very commencement of a campaign. Nor is it a new thing that we should be below the sanctioned establishment, for we have before us an official return which shows the strength voted and the number wanted to complete on the 1st January in each year, from 1854 to 1865, both years inclusive. The numbers are as follows:—

	Wanting.	Super-numerary.		Wanting.	Super-numerary.
1854	2337	—	1860	3062	—
1855	46,658	—	1861	1312	—
1856	50,402	—	1862	3846	—
1857	—	5120	1863	2505	—
1858	21,611	—	1864	3545	—
1859	11,886	—	1865	4644	—

It will be observed that in only one year was there an excess over the establishment. That excess can easily be explained. The army had been largely augmented during the Crimean war. Its reduction only commenced at the close of the summer of 1856, and had not, by the 1st January, 1857, been completed. The enormous deficiencies in 1855 and 1856—amounting in the former year to 46,658, and in the latter year to 50,402—can also be accounted for. The establishment voted for the year ending the 1st April, 1854, was 124,801; that for the year ending 1st April, 1855, was 189,956—showing an increase of 65,155; that for the year ending 1st April, 1856, 205,808—showing a still further increase of 15,852, or a total increase of 81,077. To these numbers must be added those of the men who died or were discharged in excess of the ordinary rate. What we desire to point out is, that even in time of peace there was invariably a considerable deficiency, and that when a sudden demand was necessitated by a pressing emergency, the deficiency rose to an alarming amount. During the Crimean war we were not, it is true, fighting for our existence, though our honour and position as a nation were certainly at stake; but during the Indian mutiny our very existence in India was imperilled, and every feeling which could excite our most energetic endeavours was called into play. Yet, neither during the Crimean war nor during the Indian mutiny did recruits come forward in the required numbers. So much for the effect on recruiting of a popular cause; so much for the influence of patriotism. Even an enormous addition to the bounty, which latter amounted during 1855 to 8*l.* for the infantry, and to the levy money, which amounted during the same period to £9 13*s.* 6*d.*, failed to produce the desired effect. Nor did reducing the standard of height prove a more successful expedient. In 1854 the minimum standard was 5 ft. 4 in.; in 1855, 5 ft. 5 in.; and in 1858 and 1859, 5 ft. 3 in. From the above facts we gather, first, that the number of recruits is at all times insufficient to complete the establishment; second, that we do not find an increased pay, improved treatment, and reduced standard, a remedy; third, that when, on a pressing emergency, we seek suddenly and largely to increase the army, increased bounty and levy money, extraordinary reduction of the standard, and national enthusiasm, are inadequate to produce the desired results. The plain state of the case is simply this: that we cannot keep up the army when on a low establishment and in time of peace, nor can we, with every adventitious aid, succeed in making a considerable augmentation on occasions of pressure. If any one questions the accuracy of this statement, let him refer to the table above given, where he will find that after the most strenuous efforts, extending over a period of a year and nine months, the army was still upwards of 50,000 men short of its complement. It is easy to conceive that our difficulties on any future

occasion would be greatly increased. The standard is now as low as it ought to be with regard to efficiency, and we are enlisting chiefly boys between 17 and 20. We should, therefore, have no reserve either of height or age. Further, we could not in justice or prudence offer the smallest bounty as an inducement to recruits to come forward. It would be unjust, because two men would be serving in the ranks together, one of whom, enlisting on the Monday, received no bounty; and the other, enlisting on the Tuesday, received, perhaps, £8 or £9. It is easy to imagine what dangerous discontent that would cause; moreover, the old trade of deserting and re-enlisting over and over again would at once revive. It would not be prudent, because, at the close of the war, the bounty being stopped, recruits would for a long time be unwilling to come forward. Again, voluntary enlistment is the most uncertain thing to rely upon conceivable. The fluctuations in it are great, and frequently cannot be accounted for. Among the evident causes which check it may be mentioned a great demand for labour, cheapness of provisions, and a large emigration. Besides, it is certain that only a comparatively small portion of those who enlist do so from absolute want, and any large additional number required would be obtained chiefly from those who entered from simple inclination. We must, therefore, at all times, and especially during war, rely on the fancy and humour of the nation. Surely our reliance will be placed on a very uncertain support. Supposing a war were unpopular among the lower classes, or supposing that our arms met with reverses, popularly attributed to want of skill or management; in either case enlistment would be slack, whereas it would be especially necessary, in case of bad fortune, that recruits should come forward with alacrity. We must likewise bear in mind, that whereas formerly we were allowed a long time to raise men, for military operations were then carried on slowly, and the crisis of the campaign did not arrive quickly, now weeks will be as months or even years were in years past. This difficulty in obtaining recruits is not a peculiarity of the present day. During the last century we were just as badly off as we were during the Crimean campaign. Up to 1780, smugglers, men who absconded leaving their families chargeable to the parish, and vagabonds, were liable to be impressed as soldiers, in lieu of undergoing ordinary punishment. Even so late as the Peninsular war, a large proportion of recruits were men cleared out of workhouses, poachers, and other offenders, who were permitted to escape punishment by enlisting. Raw militiamen were also lured into the service by large bounties, and sometimes sent out so hastily that they went into battle with their militia clothing on. In the navy, matters were no better. In 1803 the 'Princess Royal' numbered 60 convicts among her crew, and in the following year 50 convicts were sent

in one draft to the 'Bellona.' Surely those who read the above statement will admit that even when bounties were given, the system of voluntary enlistment proved insufficient to keep up our army and navy to the required strength. As regards the future, we have already given our reasons for believing that our difficulties will be largely increased. What remains, then, to be done? Clearly we must have recourse either to the conscription, with power of procuring substitutes, or to universal liability to military service. Let us digress, however, for a little, and examine, first, what are our requirements? secondly, how many of them could be satisfied by present arrangements and under the existing system? For we feel certain that many people will argue as follows: All that you have said might have held good a few years ago, but have we not now so large an auxiliary and reserve force that we can afford to run the risk of the regular army being occasionally somewhat under its establishment? With regard to our requirements; it is unnecessary here to deal with statistics; it is sufficient to state that, in the face of possible hostile combinations among Continental Powers, able to bring almost fabulous forces into the field, we ought to be in a position to expand largely our army with trained soldiers at a moment's notice, and further, to provide for reinforcements by a sudden levy of untrained men. Much is made of the silver streak which is supposed to encircle us with a magical belt of defence. Our peaceful policy is also appealed to as an argument against any considerable military preparations. As to the silver streak, as soon as the naval projects of Russia and Germany shall have been fully carried out, the Channel will, for all practical purposes, have been bridged; while, with respect to our non-aggressive policy, it must be borne in mind that the most peaceful nations are precisely those most likely to be assailed, and that it is a military axiom that any defensive, must, to be successful, be combined with an offensive system. With respect to the means we now possess for satisfying the requirements of our position, we have an active army, chronically below its establishment in time of peace. We have an army reserve, intended to expand that active army. This reserve is, however, insignificant in numbers, and so badly organised that the men comprising it cannot be relied on to appear when called upon. At all events, there would be many absentees, and no arrangements exist for fusing reserve men efficiently with the men constantly serving with the colours. We have also the auxiliary forces—misnamed reserve forces—which comprise pensioners, and second class army reserve, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers. The second class army reserve, including pensioners, is only liable to home service; it is insignificant in numbers, and physically incapable of performing more than garrison duty. The militia is, for the most part, badly officered, imperfectly trained, seldom up to its full numbers, and both phy-

sically and morally of inferior quality. The yeomanry and volunteers are a valuable auxiliary force, but generally indifferently officered, and necessarily, as a rule, deficient in training; moreover, the numbers are liable to fall off any day, should the service become unpopular. In fact, the 100,000 of one day might in the course of a month dwindle down to 10,000. It is clear, therefore, that no reliance can be placed on the auxiliary forces valuable in some respects, as large portions of them are. Their usefulness cannot be called in question, but seeing that even their numerical strength can scarcely be predicted from day to day, we should look on them as a desirable possible addition to rather than as a permanent part of our defensive force. Moreover, volunteers could not be embodied for any length of time without considerable private and public detriment. Take, for instance, the Civil Service and the Post Office Corps. To embody these regiments would be to cripple seriously the transaction of State business. The conclusion we arrive at is that the militia should be differently constituted, that the volunteers and yeomanry should be more thoroughly trained, should be compelled to give a substantial notice, say of three months, of a desire to quit the service, and that they should be really viewed as auxiliaries, whose aid would be valuable, but not indispensable. As at present, the active army should, in our opinion, be divided into men with the colours and men in the army reserve, the latter, as a rule, remaining attached to their former regiments. The militia should consist exclusively of men who have passed through the regular army, and be officered altogether by retired or half-pay officers connected with the county. The militia would then be a real reserve, which it certainly is not at present. The question now arises, how are the army and militia to be recruited? As we have said before, that even with our present system voluntary enlistment has proved a failure. To a system such as we propose it would be altogether inapplicable. Our choice, therefore, rests between conscription with substitutes, or universal liability to military service. We do not think there can be a moment's hesitation on the subject. If the former system be adopted the uniform of the soldier becomes a badge of social inferiority. The misfortune of a class and no idea of patriotism can in such a case be attached to the profession. Universal liability to service, on the contrary, may be a more wide-spread hardship, but it is one which would tend both to unite and ennoble all classes, and, moreover, by it we should obtain a fair sample of the nation, instead of merely the dregs. We are very fond of precedent, adhere with obstinate tenacity to old ideas, or those which we consider old, and, moreover, anything which interferes with the full freedom of individual action is extremely repugnant to our feelings. The army, also, has hitherto been supplied for the most part with such very indifferent raw material that it has been

looked on by society with an amount of contempt by no means justified by facts. Interested demagogues have chosen also to assume that the placing of arms in the hands of men subjected to lawful authority, and restrained from indulgence in vicious propensities, is productive of danger to the liberties of the country. Consequently many eminent men have protested most energetically against any departure from the voluntary system. The late Mr. Godley, assistant Under Secretary of State for War, stated to the Royal Commission on Recruiting, which sat in 1860, his great objections to any other system than one of voluntary enlistment. He pronounced conscription to be the most expensive system which could be devised. If substitutes are allowed, he says it comes to a tax by lot, the individuals purchasing substitutes paying the money, instead of the State doing so, in the way of bounties, high pay, and other inducements to voluntary enlistment. We quite agree with Mr. Godley, but would remark that he does not seem to have conceived the idea of an alternative in the shape of universal liability to military service without substitutes. Lord Derby does recognise the possibility of an alternative, but he condemns it in the strongest terms. In a letter to the *Times*, published 15th December, 1870, he thus expressed himself. 'If you apply compulsory service universally, and endeavour to train everybody, you are making ten times the amount of preparation you require.' To this objection we answer that *it is not universal training, but universal liability and universal registering, that we propose*. Lord Derby considers, moreover, that personal service and the loss of time involved in it, presses lightly on the two extremes of society, but falls hardly on the skilled artizan or the professional men. The truth of this assertion cannot be controverted, but we see a way to mitigate the severity of personal service, and thus to meet Lord Derby's objection. To permit a man to compound for personal service by a money payment, is unjust and unadvisable. To make everyone serve in the regular army, as a private, is to inflict considerable hardship on a large class of the population. The mean between the two is to compel every man who objects to personal service in the regular army to enrol himself in the yeomanry or volunteers for a certain period, and to pay his share of all the expenses of maintaining those corps, receiving nothing whatever from the State save when embodied. Were this plan adopted, there would be a combination of money-payment and personal service. The volunteer would equally, with the linesman, serve his country, but he would do so in a less unpleasant and onerous manner. Almost everyone would gain by the arrangement. The State would save money, could demand more fixity of service, require a larger amount of training, and the volunteer himself would gain by being able to continue in his occupation or profession and to perform his military

duties with a minimum of trouble and annoyance. Another means of escape to those who wish to avoid service in the ranks of the regular army would be afforded by a commission which is now open to public competition. Well-grown lads of eighteen might also compound for the full amount of regular service, by serving, at their own cost, in the line for one year, and then finishing the term in the volunteers. In such cases, the Volunteer who has served his year in the line, should be allowed to terminate his liability to the State in a shorter time than ordinary volunteers. Naturally, were such a system introduced, the Government would possess such a hold over the yeomanry and volunteers, that it might require and obtain a much higher degree of efficiency than at present exists. The competition for commissions in the regular army would be much keener than it is now, and the general education of the country would be thus raised. It will, no doubt, be urged that to men of education and refinement the barrack-room would be intolerable. No doubt such would be the case if the army were constituted as it is at present, but universal liability would improve the tone of the army to an incalculable extent. The barrack-room of to-day might be an unpleasant residence to refined and educated men; but the barrack-room of to-morrow would be a very different thing. Besides, many young gentlemen in Australia associate at the diggings with companions of very questionable character and manners. That, which they do for their own gain, they may fairly be called upon to do for the gain of the State. The details of the organisation to be adopted need not here be discussed, but we fancy we could scarcely do better than follow the example of Prussia as to age.

To sum up, Mr. Godley considered that the choice lay between conscription and voluntary enlistment. Lord Derby further discusses the question of universal liability to military service, arriving at the conclusion, that the best method of all is voluntary enlistment. We have tried through a long course of years, and by every means in our power, to reconcile voluntary enlistment with military efficiency, and have failed. France has practised conscription, also a signal failure; the Germans some sixty years ago, adopted universal liability to military service and have found it to answer. The question is, can you accomplish what is absolutely necessary by means of voluntary enlistment? We answer that experience and reason show you cannot. The only thing to be done then, is to follow the example of Canada, fairly grapple with the subject, and force every man of a certain age to fulfil his first natural duty as a citizen, by giving as much of his time and labour as may be required to the security of the State. That the public mind is not yet prepared for so comprehensive a scheme, we fully allow, but the public mind of England ripens rapidly in these days; witness the Irish

Church question; and indications are not wanting to show that the measure we advocate is beginning to gain ground among thoughtful men. It is, no doubt, a curse to any country that it should have to devote any attention; to spend any money on military organisation, but till human nature changes, war will always be a contingency against which we must prepare. If our preparations can be carried out effectually by voluntary enlistment, well and good; but if not, it would be madness to be deterred by a little additional hardship from giving in our adhesion to universal liability to service. We believe that the nation will soon be convinced that it has no choice in the matter. In the meantime, it is the duty of all true patriots to spare no pains to educate the public mind, so as to hasten as much as possible the advent of the moment of complete conviction. When that time does come, our wealth, our honour, our independence, our influence, will be fully insured; till then, we are at the mercy of fortune.

LOVE'S LAND.

COULD I set sail on an emerald sea—
 Set sail for ever—my love with me,
 Till I found Love's island, that blooms afar,
 In the shadow of skies that are never cold,
 'Neath a silver moon that never grows old,
 And the purple light of his own sweet star!

Beyond the trouble of waves and winds,
 And the thinnest vapoury veil that blinds
 The silent face of the white, wan moon—
 Love built him an altar for evermore
 On the flowery hills of a golden shore,
 When the world was weary, one night in June.

There the air is dulcet with harmonies;
 White blossoms are thick on the changeless trees;
 Pale lights float by on the perfum'd mist;
 And rolling over a golden sand,
 A river goes singing about the land,
 Faint color'd and fair, like the amethyst.

Under the light of the dim, bright sky
 Sometimes a shallop goes gleaming by,
 Between the willows of either shore;
 Steer'd by some unseen spirit, it speeds
 Among the flags and the water-weeds,
 Till it fades from sight, and is seen no more.

And, couched at length, twain lie in a dream;
 They hear the song of the sleepy stream—
 They turn and smile, with their soft, sad eyes;
 And wonder if Time be yet, and Death,
 And sorrow that comes of daily breath,
 And the old green lands, and the bitter skies.

The feathery grasses are cool and sweet
To the fervent pulses of wandering feet ;
And the dews that drip from the myrtle-boughs,
Are soft as the kisses of maiden-lips ;
Where the loose-bound ivy coronal slips,
And the rose lies heavy, on languid brows.

The faint, low music of laughter wakes
In the secret heart of the leafy brakes ;
But never a murmur of tears or sighs ;
And sometimes the quiver of wings is seen,
As the deathless dove, with her breast of sheen,
Floats down in the light of the silver skies.

The fair young year never knows decay ;
The odorous night never grows to day ;
The beam never fades of that pale, pure star ;
The rose dies not, and the lily lives
For ever, and ever new perfume gives.

O love ! wilt thou sail for that land afar ?

Wilt thou sail with me, ere the daylight glides
Out into the west, o'er the crimson tides,
And the far-off song of the reaper swells
Through wooded valley, and upland, and lea,
To mix with the ebb and flow of the sea,
And the airy clamour of phantom bells ?

There is no place in this world of change—
Where the earth forgets and the sky grows strange,
And the worm lies coil'd round the bud in its shell ;
And youth fades—even as fade the flowers
He twines through his tresses in festal hours—
For Love, with his eyes, and his wings, to dwell.

O love ! ere the star of the eve be born,
Wilt thou sail with me from this land forlorn,
Where the tempest roars, and the wind prevails ;
And plough the billows for evermore,
Till we gain the waters of that sweet shore
Where Death never furl'd yet his gloomy sails ?

FLORENCE K. BERGER.

A MORNING IN THE BODLEIAN.

BY TWO FELLOWS.

How many people in England have ever been into the Bodleian? How many have ever read there, and how many even of the readers have ever dived into its depths or explored even a fraction of one of its departments? In the summer term at Oxford, down the centre passage of the library, goes a ceaseless rustle of ladies' dresses; 'lionesses,' led by undergraduate escorts as strange to the place as themselves, glide past the studies or stand more than half-bored at the cases of manuscripts and autograph letters. Yet even the giddiest and most ignorant among them must feel a little ashamed of the *ennui* which oppresses them. Surrounded by the thought of centuries, and face to face with those old parchments, with their famous signatures and ghostly halo of associations, even the hard-riding undergraduate, even the girl fresh from one flirtation and already planning another, must feel a moment's sobering, a moment's sense of insignificance. But the visit and its conscience-prickings are short-lived; half-an-hour is enough for most sight-seers, and the Bodleian knows them no more. Sometimes, as you stand at the catalogue shelf, you may see a more interesting group approaching—a little old parish clergyman, perhaps, with thin white hair and generally wise look, arrayed in a rusty master's gown, infinitely too long for him—he has just hired it, with the battered cap, regardless of fit. No matter. Behind walk wife and daughters, much impressed by the new splendour of his appearance; besides, in the wife's heart perhaps—she has a shrewd kindly look, motherly eyes, a pleasant brow—there awakes a sweet momentary sympathy with her husband's youth, that youth which laid all its capabilities and crudities at her feet, to which her girlhood gave itself gladly, and which is now such a dream to both. Then you may see him, the small ancient man, with conscious gait and eyes twinkling under his spectacles, board a passing librarian, make his name and academical status known with modest dignity, and demand a book. It is a MS. of 'Wyclif's *Sermons*,' perhaps, or a superb St. Augustine;

and tottering under its weight he takes it to some quiet resting-place where in the bosom of his family he details in an audible whisper his knowledge of its meaning. Gladly the Bodleian harbours such a simple reverend presence, and she closes her doors upon him with a benison.

Not less varied are the readers for whose present benefit these priceless stores are opened; readers of both sexes, and of every age, from the freshman touched with a love for gay illuminations to the spectacled bookworm whose mornings for forty weeks in the year have ever been consecrated to learning here. They come from all lands, for the Bodleian has treasures inaccessible elsewhere; its manuscripts and unique early printed books draw hungry seekers from across the sea. From Russia sometimes; of course from Germany; now and then an Italian may be here, for whom Milan and the Vatican have not sufficed; or even an American scholar, whom the New World's inevitable emptiness sends to draw from one of the oldest storehouses of the Old. Most typical of all is the German; a man still young probably, and yet with an air of age lent to him by his spectacles and his grey complexion and his colourless hair; a man of few words, and those guttural ones, of manners not the pleasantest, of dress not the most becoming; but patient in his obedience to his self-set task, as his countrymen to their captains in the field. He may be single-minded, or he may be controversial and terribly militant; but whether or no he has an enemy to crush, he travels straight on, missing nothing relevant, sparing no pains, and troubled by no vile illegibilities of fifteenth century handwriting. He is editing Nonnus perhaps; he finds nothing tedious in those forty-eight books of *Dionysiaca*, where the tinsel and the dulness of a *rococo* poetry is poorly redeemed by little gems of real observation and feeling; our German thinks nothing for the present of feeling or *rococo*; his business is to collate! Or it is a question of Athenian economy, misjudged by Boeckh, or Lachmann's *Lucretius*, has to be exploded, or Herr Tischendorf shown to be wrong on the text of St. John. Then his notes will be bitter enough, and he will exult in true Teutonic fashion at the slaughter of his enemy; and if his enemy's little helper perish with him, some poor Englishman who has ventured to adopt and support his reading, fresh joy is spread over the soul of our reader, Dr. Grausam, of Leipzig. But for all that he will not work more patiently; he will not—for it would be impossible—be more absorbed in the papers before him, more utterly heedless of the whispering visitors that curiously rustle by.

Yet, not all readers are foreigners—not all love for learning has died out of England. Practical we are, for the most part, even in our higher education; if we do not learn book-keeping and the work of the steam-engine, we strive, most of us, to learn those things only which will fit us to play our part, our social part, in the world: to talk well, to write

brilliantly, to philosophise cleverly at any and every crisis. But though this is the tendency of the higher education in England, and notably in Oxford, there are students left among us still. That old man in the study that you are passing, with his face buried in a folio of Plotinus, has learning enough to make even Dr. Grausam stare. Perhaps, if the paradox be allowed, he is too literally a student; too much bent on study, too little on realising study for the word's benefit. Endowments, ever good and evil, have had an evil effect on him; his rich fellowship has taken away one stimulus for public work, and his conscience has failed to supply him with another. So he has settled down to a life of mere luxury, not of the table but of the library, not of wines but of books. His wonderful receptive powers, his inexhaustible memory, his insatiable appetite, have made him a mine of knowledge in all its forms. Perhaps if he has a strong point, where all are strong, it is the Neoplatonic philosophy; his keen perception, his imagination, his tranquil disregard of the world around him, have perhaps led him on to an affinity with that strangest form of mysticism where eastern and western thought join hands. But if you have other sympathies he will satisfy them, supposing you to take him in one of those moments when he chooses to be generous of his learning; he will make Conde's Campaigns with you, or Cabot's Voyages; he will talk to you of Shakespeare and the First Folio, of the disputed lines in *Cymbeline*; he will teach you to

— see two points in Hamlet's soul
Unseized by the Germans yet.

Or passing back through the history of poetry, if you ask whence Shakespeare drew his inspiration, he will roam with you by the canal-side in Venice, and will quote Ariosto to you, and Bojardo, and so pass backwards through Spanish romance and Provençal love-song, and onward again through the Minnesänger to all that warp and woof of sentiment which they first taught Germany to weave. Yet with all this, part indolent, part cynical, part fastidious, he will not write, he never has written. He knows too many books. He has seen too many reputations made by charlatans, marred for students; too many histories written, admired, and superseded; too many classics revived by patient editors to fall again to death. The game is not worth the candle. It is better to sit still and enjoy.

Many others there are, very different from each other and from him; such as the student-tradesman, who for the morning hours when business is light leaves his hosiery to an assistant and comes to compare charters and gather facts for a history of Herefordshire, among whose orchards he was born. He has had no teaching to speak of in his youth, but the historical impulse was strong in him, and Oxford awoke it into life;

so he taught himself Latin enough to read a chronicle, and set to work full of enthusiasm, certain of results. His neighbour, too, does good work; she too is enthusiastic, and with the enthusiasm which is the mother of patience. She wears spectacles; her nose is too *retroussé* for beauty, her colour too high; in the country she would be a prodigy, in Tyburnia she would be voted 'blue.' But she cares little for Tyburnia, and much for beautiful things and great interests; and so she is studying Holbein here. She has to read much, to be often disappointed, before she can discover anything new; in the library, you would say, she has the habits of a bookworm. But in half-an-hour's talk you would find that the eyes behind those spectacles are deep as well as penetrating; her liveliness, her warmth, will convince you that it is possible for a woman to be a student without being a pedant—without in fact ceasing to be a woman. You would find that the past is interesting to her, because the present is so intensely real; that she handles knowledge purely as the instrument of feeling, and loves it only because by it feeling is deepened, widened, and refined.

But the building itself, with its approaches, is as interesting as its inhabitants. Here it is, the low Tudor archway, the heavy oaken door swung back upon its hinges, and beyond it the stairs, cool in the utmost heat of summer and pervaded with that mingled fragrance of books and old oak, which is one of the most subtle and suggestive of scents. Pass up them, resting on the way if you will, on the broad window seats whence the quad is visible, with its quaint mistaken tower of the Five Orders, and its memory-haunted examination schools. Here are portraits of John Baliol and Devorguila his wife, a pair of ancient Radicals, vigorous and unconventional, fit progenitors of the modern Baliol. Here are maps, old and superseded, side by side with pictures of forgotten nobodies—old worlds, and the inhabitants thereof. Yonder are the steps into the gallery, an enchanted place, long and spacious, hung with portraits, old and new,—a marvellous Mary of Scots, from whose exquisite pale face sorrow has refired away the vanity and hardness of youth, pranked out in no ruff, no peaked head-dress, no pearls, but shrouded in black folds of drapery, which suit with the long years of imprisonment behind, the inevitable death in front; a Crammer, by Holbein, with full weak red lips; a Duns Scotus, gaunt and unkempt, representative of the fossil race of the schoolmen; a solemn Lord Burleigh riding solemnly upon a beast, less than mule more than ass—strange and laughable conception. Here is Guy Fawkes' lantern, poor innocent accessory of a long-past crime, sole relic of many men and many passions: here is a chair, made from the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and as you touch it, the forests unfathomable and creeper-twined of the New World spring up before you, and you catch in the offing the sails of the

Spanish treasure-ship, flying the pursuit of English hate. In a little octagonal chamber, lit by windows, over whose bright pure tints the becoming dimness of age has crept, stands the chest or strong-box of Sir Thomas Bodley. It has a marvellous lock truly; puzzle out its intricacies of polished steel, wrought here and there into mocking likenesses of leaves and flowers, if you can,—the burglar of past centuries tried a shorter method, and in the bottom of the chest you may still see the square hole he cut, blessing the elaborate stupidity of owner and maker the while. In yonder case, are the fruit-trenchers of Queen Elizabeth; they belong surely to the old age of the Virgin Queen, so cynical are the maxims, so bitter the would-be love poems inscribed upon them. It is a pleasant place, this gallery. At every turn, without effort or pain on our part, the past floods in upon us,—the dry bones live,—the vast library beneath our feet seems to take voice and speak from these faces, these varied relics from the holes and corners of bygone life.

But let us press on. This gallery after all is but full of symbols—is but itself a great symbol; through that green door lies the reality.

A great cruciform space opens before you. Right and left, before, behind, above, beneath, books—nothing but books. Over your head, a beamed and arched roof, the fire of whose bosses and blazonings time has long since sobered, and from whose painted squares speaks everywhere and at all times the prayer of mediæval learning '*Dominus illuminatio mea!*' The eyes of Dr. Grausam, of Lepsic, rest upon it sometimes with the calm superiority proper to a disciple of Voltaire; the English divine in yonder closed study, toiling over his Hebrew, notes it now and then with a vague feeling of refreshment, so subtly do the words re-call the time of quiet cloisters and calm-faced monks, busy with leaf-gold, and paint, and parchment. That is fifteenth century glass in those windows; match those fading blues, opal greens, and lucid browns in modern work if you can. Here are cases like those in the gallery—Queen Elizabeth's Latin Exercises, her books, her gloves. They are large, these last—it were hard to connect anything small and soft with the signing of those two death-warrants of Essex and Mary. On the other side, is a letter of Archbishop Laud's, written the night before his execution; the fine slanting characters aptly represent a man in whom a fatal leaven of sentiment, a fatal poetry of nature, fought obstinately against the drivings of common sense. Here is Monmouth's last humbling act of submission the day before his death and so on—a refined symbolic chamber of horrors, which need detain us no longer. Beyond the cases, you come to the Catalogue, the key to the great silent enigma around you—the new Catalogue is a great and thorough piece of work, as yet incomplete. Standing behind the librarian's chair, you look down

the nave of the library, honey-combed on either hand by studies, open and closed, filled with various readers and confusion of many books. Ah! those studies:—let us open one of them. The latticed doors, green-curtained, fly open, and you pass into a tiny room, book-walled, jutting flaps, ancient and dusty on either hand, lit by an Elizabethan window, through whose stone-framed panes the eye wanders to the green and reverend stillness of a college garden far beneath. As you slip into the chair got ready for you, a deep repose steals over you, the repose not of indolence but possession—the product of true work and patient thought only. Literature has no guerdon for ‘bread-students’ to quote the expressive German phrase; let not the young man reading for his pass, the London copyist, or the British Museum illuminator, hope to enter within the enchanted ring of her benignant influences; only to the silent ardours, the thirst, the disinterestedness of the true learner is she prodigal of all good gifts. To him she beckons, in him she confides, till she has produced in him that wonderful many-sidedness, that universal sympathy, which stamps the true literary man and which is more religious than any form of creed.

So far we have gone; so far all the world may go. Let us pass downwards, however; let us enter the *penetralia*, leaving the studies where the brown folios lie, whose very titles are a dead-letter to us; *Pymander Mercurii Trismegisti*, *Rossellus de Sacramentis VII.*, *Ribera in Prophetas*, *Snepffius in Esaiam*; the mighty works of forgotten casuists, *Azorii Instit: Morales* in two enormous volumes, the ponderous *Oeuvres de Richeome*, and hundreds more. Downwards through that green door marked ‘private,’ by stairs book-lined, through a long room, where live maps innumerable, roll-maps, sheet-maps, bound maps of every date and every size; past stands containing every report of every learned society throughout the world—a department which makes one hurry on, inwardly shivering—through mazes of periodicals old and young, serious and trivial, from the ‘Quarterly’ down to the ‘Lady’s Magazine,’ from ‘Punch’ to the ‘Christian Remembrancer,’ till we reach a room filled with strange folios, lettered with strange names, a room which faintly represents a literature once the noblest of the modern world, a room symbolised by the superb Koran lying open on yonder desk. In a small inner room are the Hebrew manuscripts; a German is working there, another in shirt-sleeves is here—strange people of innumerable tentacles, stretching all ways, from Genesis to the latest form of the needle-gun. Up the steps there is a mixed room, partly Oriental partly European: it need not detain us. But let us pause in the octagon of octagons, gem of these lower abodes. The rooms around and beyond may suggest labour and patience, may depress with the consciousness of immeasurable inferiority; this only suggests the cream of work, the flowers that bloom

rarely and brightly on the steep hillsides of literature. Here is the sumptuousness of modern binding; the 'Paléographies,' the 'Voyages Pittoresques,' the 'Antiquities' of this and that; all, in short, that is most princely and most lavish in modern culture. Then turn your hand a moment to these shelves, so close and so inviting; pull them out, the little shining slender volumes, and pass with mind attuned and sympathies awake into the playground of the middle-ages. Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, copy after copy, edition after edition. Here is a 'Decameron; Venezia 1517.' The name and date go strangely together. In a solemn upheaval time when Wittenberg theses were startling Europe, when Protestantism, with all its base austere variations, was springing into being, this little book saw the light, glided into the world of the sixteenth century, whose public life wears so grim and earnest a look to posterity, and slipping from house to house and hand to hand, woke laughter in Italian eyes and fed the unquenched craving of the South for story-telling. Look at this annotated edition of Petrarch's sonnets; the sonnet, a gem, though scarcely of the first water, in a worthless setting of wire-spun commentary. At the time this was printed Petrarch was a greater force in the world than Dante. Europe was still young and childish, with youth's passion for grace, youth's shrinking from deep water and love for beautiful outsides. There is a Bojardo side by side with *Orlando Furioso*—shadow and substance. And in that lowest shelf a grim row of *Todten-tänzer* quaintly underlies these tales of love and war. All the characters in those haunts of pleasure are here reproduced, knight and maiden, monk and matron, but beside them all stands the inevitable spectre with scythe and hour-glass, and in the midst of its riot and festival you see the Middle-Age standing still with down-dropt eyes and hand on mouth, pondering for an instant the awful secret, ringed by which it lives and laughs. Opposite are books of alchemy, interspersed with unintelligible cyphers; such books as Leonardo da Vinci may have studied in that withdrawn transition time of his. Ah! we must leave it, our room of rooms, carrying with us a summer picture of it—calm bands of sunlight lying on the brown polish of the floor, and creeping along the book-lined angles, fit companion for all the jest and laughter, all the love and pathos which dwell here embalmed.

We have stayed so long in the antechambers that we have no time to linger long in the Douce Library to which it leads. And yet the Douce Library is rich beyond all telling in MSS., Latin, French and English; in early printed work, in the out-of-the-way corners of Elizabethan literature, in old stories of travel, quaintly illustrated and adorned. That centre-stand boasts four manuscripts of the 'Roman de la Rose,' one with four half-page illustrations, drawn in soft dove-like tints of grey, refreshing after the commoner reds and blues of the other three—'Lancelot du Lac,'

'Reynaut et Isengrim,' 'Vie de Merlin,' 'Vœu du Paon,' 'Roman d' Alexandre'—there they stand, one after another, names of enchantment for all time. And by them is the shelf of 'Hours,' not the least attractive of the books that surround you. Take out one of them, a small red octavo, 'Heures Gotique,' the binder mysteriously calls it, but if you turn to the mutilated title-page you will find that it is a book of 'Hours, à l'usage de Soissons.' The famous Simon Vostre is the printer, so the date must be 1510 or so; on the wide margin of nearly every one of the 300 pages are four exquisite woodcuts, all different, all intensely German. Dürer might have drawn them all, except that they are even quainter than his work—a priest admitting a company of veritable Nurembergers to celebration; Herodias' daughter watching the fall of John Baptist's head; devils cast out and flying away on leathern wings; Dives and Lazarus, terribly specific; a double page, terribly dramatic, of David and 'Urie,' where Urie is in the forefront of the battle, in grim earnest, and the Nuremberg-fashioned spear of an Ammonite lanz-knecht is entering deep into his side. Or if you care more for splendour of illumination than for minute engraving, get the librarian's leave, and spend an hour with the famous 'Ormesby Psalter,' the 'Salterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby,' as the inscription calls it, among the most magnificent of all the monk-works of the magnificent fourteenth century. Not even the treasures of San Marco at Florence, where Angelico's own hand is traceable on the precious missals, can show more brilliant colouring, more fertile design, more delicate leafwork, or more fanciful grotesque, than this patient life's-labour of the northern friar.

Who can pass out of such a building without a feeling of profound melancholy? The thought is almost too obvious to be dwelt upon, but it is overpowering and inevitable. These shelves of mighty folios, these cases of laboured manuscripts, these illuminated volumes of which each may represent a life—the first dominant impression which they make cannot fail to be like that which a burial-ground leaves—a Hamlet-like sense of the pity of it. Which is the sadder image, the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole, or the brain and lifeblood of a hundred monks cumbering the shelves of the Bodleian? Not the former, perhaps; for Alexander's dust matters little where, his work considered, but these monks' work is in their books; to their books they sacrificed their lives, and gave themselves up as an offering to posterity. And posterity, overburdened by its own concerns, passes them by without a look or a word! Here and there, of course, is a volume which has made a mark upon the world; but the mass are silent for ever, and zeal, industry, talent, for once that they have had permanent results, have a thousand times been sealed by failure. And yet men go on writing, writing; and books are

born under the shadow of the great libraries, just as children are born within sight of the tombs. It seems as though Nature's law were universal as well as rigid in its sphere—wide wastes of sand shut in the green oasis; many a seed falls among thorns, or by the wayside; many a bud must be sacrificed before there comes the perfect flower; many a little life must exhaust itself in a useless book before the great work is made which is to remain a force for ever. And so we might as profitably murmur at the withered buds, at the seed that takes no root, at the stretch of desert, as at the unread folios. They are waste, it is true; but it is the waste that is thrown off by humanity in its ceaseless process towards the fulfilment of its law.

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OUR POLICE SYSTEM.

WHEN the lives and properties of a population of between three and four millions are given over to the charge of some nine thousand individuals, the selection, organisation, modes of action and of thought of these guardians of all we hold dear, possess for the public a solid interest.

In London, the police forms a very respectable army in numbers, is organised on a military basis, with a complete hierarchy of officers, and of late has received a cavalry contingent, which will soon no doubt be the glory of its military directors.

The metropolis has been mapped out into new divisions for police purposes, and each street or series of streets, is placed under the especial guardianship of an individual officer. Telegraph wires running underground connect the various districts with head quarters; and—with the military discipline inflexibly maintained—render the force as effective for great or little services against the enemies of society, as any human arrangement yet invented has proved to be.

There are at the present moment under the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioners (all military officers): 26 Superintendents, 257 Inspectors, 955 Sergeants, and 7922 Constables, to watch over the enormous population and boundless wealth contained within the police radius of 688 square miles. As everybody knows, the head quarters of the whole is Scotland Yard, in a long, straggling, mean-looking building, opposite a line of stables. The stations throughout the metropolis are all connected by telegraph wires, and from these stations as sub-centres, the police, who are sub-divided into ordinary constables, reserves, and detectives, patrol countless miles of streets, and do in so far as in them lies, what man can do to prevent Her Majesty's lieges from coming to harm.

The Metropolitan Police, which owes its origin to Sir Robert Peel and to his dread of the power likely to fall into popular hands, as a consequence of the political changes presaged by the agitation about the time of the first Reform Bill, was organised by Colonel Rohan and Sir Richard, then Mr. Mayne, the former supplying the military, the latter the legal know-

ledge. Since the death of Sir Richard Mayne, Colonel Henderson, his successor, has succeeded in accomplishing a number of small changes in the system, having for their object a more effective drill, and a greater military smartness throughout. Assistant commissioners have been appointed, whose ideas savour more of the barrack than of the police station. There are not wanting those who consider that the thieves have no cause to regret the death of Sir Richard Mayne. But the system must be judged by its fruits, and unquestionably the latest statistics show that while the population of the metropolis has increased there has been a marked diminution in crime; for instance, the total number of cases of burglary, housebreaking, robbery and larceny, receiving stolen goods, and keeping disorderly houses, was but 12,251 last year, as compared with 14,258 in 1869, a remarkable reduction. Some may think that this agreeable result is due to the philanthropic efforts of those who labour to educate and christianise that section of the population from which the criminal classes are recruited. Others, with perhaps more reason, ascribe it to the severe powers given under the Habitual Criminals Act, for crushing out, or at least making highly uncomfortable, those who live by crime alone. The fact, however, is incontestable.

The nine thousand men of the force are divided into twenty divisions, nineteen of which are known by letters of the alphabet, each one numbering on an average from 450 to 500 men. The K or Stepney division is the strongest, having close upon 700 rank and file; with the exception of the Thames, an unlettered body, the H or Whitechapel division is the smallest, numbering less than 300. The 'Fancy A,' as it is called in the force, is the favoured division, being set apart to guard the palaces and the Houses of Parliament, and generally to assist in state pageants. It has three superintendents all to itself, and there are thirty-five inspectors, and ninety-seven sergeants to look after its 401 constables. The other divisions are more sparingly officered, even the K having to manage with one superintendent, thirteen inspectors, and seventy-nine sergeants. No particular rule governs the number of inspectors in each division. The B or Wandsworth men, with an area of sixty-four miles to look after, have but seven inspectors, while the R, or Greenwich, with three miles less, have four officers more. Each division is complete in itself and looks after all the beats within its own bounds. In times of disturbance it receives or gives assistance, but in all ordinary times it would be considered a monstrous offence for an M to trench on the ground of an N, or a C to walk on a D's side of the way.

The pay of all ranks has been recently increased, at least nominally. The men have an additional 1s. 6d. a week, but for that they are obliged to be satisfied with one day's leave in a fortnight, instead of one in a week. When a recruit joins he finds himself rated as an

ordinary constable of the 4th Class, with 1*l.* a week pay. The deductions for the superannuation fund, clothes, &c., leave him about eighteen shillings nett. He graduates through the 3rd and 2nd Class until he finds himself in the Reserve 2nd Class, with deductions. When he gets into the 1st Reserve, he will find himself in receipt of 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, the highest pay for a private constable. If he is uncommonly sharp, or can make his superiors think he is, he may then become a divisional detective with an extra sixpence a week. He now waits for his sergeancy, which will be worth to him 1*l.* 9*s.* a week. If he is lucky he may advance until he gets as station sergeant 1*l.* 15*s.*, and if promoted to the chief office, 2*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* An ordinary inspector of the 2nd Class gets 2*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* a week, and a chief inspector three guineas. The best paid detectives are those of Scotland Yard itself, who receive 4*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* A superintendent in his first year gets no more, but his salary rises with every year until the eleventh, when he has 6*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* and a chance of 25*l.* per annum extra, good service allowance.

Before the 4th Class constable can rise to the position of superintendent, he will find a great many obstacles to be surmounted. If his education be bad, as it too often is, he will have to make it good at the evening classes now attached to most stations. He will have to be always in the way when his sergeant wants him, to be civil to his inspector, and intelligent before the magistrate while conducting a case. If he can succeed in making a clever capture, he will find himself spoken of in the police reports as an active and intelligent officer, and he may consider himself on the right road. But pitfalls surround him at every step: if he is taciturn and sullen on his beat, he may provoke enmity leading to quarrels or vexatious 'reports,' generally damaging to his prospects; if he be sociable, he is sure to be invited to drink, and when tired out by long patrolling, hungry and perhaps wet, he is often tempted to accept the perilous gift. The slightest sign of drink is destruction to his hopes, the public is sure to make an outcry about a drunken policeman, upon the slightest appearance of intoxication, and it is then all over with him. To diminish the temptation to accept the dangerous refreshment so frequently proffered to constables, it is in contemplation to send round coffee and bread and butter to the men on their beats during the night—an excellent project, which we hope will be carried out. If the constable passes unscathed through all these minor perils and becomes a sergeant he will find the path to higher preferment much smoother. A great deal will then depend upon his own intelligence. The inspector relies for his chance of a superintendency upon the personal impression which he makes at head quarters itself. The superintendents can rise

no higher. They have obtained their Marshal's *batons*, and have nothing to hope or fear at the hands of their chief.

Each division is in constant communication with Scotland Yard; each superintendent is obliged to go there daily and report upon the state of his district. The inspectors have also to go thither periodically. The assistant commissioners make irregular visits to the different stations, and a constant telegraphic correspondence is kept up throughout the day, and at times even during the night. Every three hours, a printed list of persons wanted, as well as of robberies and offences, is sent from Scotland Yard to all stations; this is called 'circulating.' A staff of detectives, supposed to be the cleverest in the force, is kept at the head office, for special services, and communications have to be made to them by the divisional men, in the case of any great crime demanding unusual exertions.

The ranks are filled up by voluntary enlistment, promotion goes by merit, or, at all events by selection, seniority going for something, though not for much, and the highest grades are attainable by the humblest constable if he be favoured by the stars. If the young man wants to enter the force, he will find that nothing more is necessary than a knowledge of reading and writing, a strong constitution, and a good character. After he has got his name inscribed on a roll of portentous length, generally bearing the names of hundreds of applicants, he will, if he be sharp, assiduously busy himself in looking up some influence which can get him taken out of the ruck, and advanced at once over the heads of his competitors. Having passed the doctor he will be placed in the preparatory class, where he will be kept for some ten days, undergoing a course of drill and general instruction. He will be lectured by a superintendent of the A division, upon all the duties which he will be called on to fulfil; an instruction book is given him for his private reading, after drill hours; and the superintendent taking that as a sort of prayer book, and the Police Act as a bible, carefully prepares him for the ceremony of being sworn in before the commissioner himself at the earliest opportunity, at an early day.

The venerable old thief-taker places all his experience at the service of the raw recruit, describes to him imaginary cases of assault and battery, larceny and murder, running down and running over, and tells him what an active and intelligent constable ought to do under the circumstances. Thus enlightened, the youngster goes up before the commissioner, who looks solemnly at him, puts a question, not for knowledge, but to ascertain the want of it, and swears him in with a magisterial air. From that moment the young man is a constable of the 4th Class, he goes back to the preparatory class; but is warranted in looking down upon all those who have not as yet kissed the book.

For the following week he is sent out for five hours patrolling in the busiest thoroughfares, under the charge of a constable of either the A., B., or C. divisions, and as the time chosen is always from eight in the evening till one in the morning, he has opportunity enough for picking up a smattering of volunteer duty. If he behaves himself well, this dry-nursing will come to an end in a week, and on the following Monday afternoon, a divisional clerk will take him to one of the stations of the divisions to which he is to be attached. For the next week he will be rigorously confined in the station-house, with nothing to do but to watch what goes on; and submit as best he may to the chaff of the older officers. Time does not, however, lie heavily on his hands, especially in the evenings, for then hardly ten minutes pass without some charge or complaint being brought in; and by the reports of the constables in charge he learns what will be expected of him in all sorts of emergencies. In due time, he is sent out to walk alone, in certain streets, which are confided to him as his beat.

These beats are co-extensive with all the streets, lanes, and alleys of London, and the high-ways and bye-ways of the country round about. Each man is furnished with a beat card, on which the streets confided to his care are carefully marked down. He is obliged to begin at a particular end, and visit all the parts in prescribed order, so that the sergeant may know where to drop on him at a given moment. He is bound to examine the fastenings of every shop, factory, and other place of business, and see that all private houses are duly secured, and all basement windows closed, and he must report any instance of negligence he may find. This is an arduous duty, for which he gets little thanks. If a crowd gather on the pavement, it is his business to go straight into the centre and send to the right and left the disputants. In case of resistance, he must take *somebody* into custody. He is particularly instructed never to walk round about a crowd, or appear to hesitate before taking action. Decision and self-assertion are impressed on him as sacred duties. While on his beat none but a sergeant knows where to find him, hence the popular complaint, that a policeman is never to be had when he's wanted. To remedy this evil, 108 points have been recently selected, at which men are permanently stationed. The points are generally chosen at the intersection of great thoroughfares, as at King's Cross, the Angel, Elephant and Castle, &c., and there may now always be seen a member of the force. The points might be very usefully doubled, their utility being generally acknowledged.

For the country roads and outlying districts in the police radius, the horse police, a comparatively modern branch of the force, are found to be excellent. They are mostly old cavalry men, and are thoroughly efficient on patrol duty. They regard themselves as constituting the

aristocracy of the body, and look down on the foot police. Their especial use is in looking after a class of thieves, who go forth in light spring-carts, with fast-trotting horses, and dash down green lanes in search of whatever may be picked up. If a farm-house window be open, they clear the mantel-shelf of its ornaments and of any stray cash or trinkets that may be about. If they see a sheep in a field, with neither shepherd nor watch-dog at hand, they fling it to the bottom of their cart and are miles away before the farmer is aware of his loss. The cart and horse, turned to such bad use, are generally the property of some enterprising publican, better known than trusted by his more respectable fellow victuallers, and are hired out at a guinea a day, or two guineas a night, no questions asked. If he sometimes gets a present from the gentlemen who go into the country, he is very well pleased, and thinks it nothing at all out of the common. The horse police are the sole protection against these marauders, for so rapid are the movements of the trotting horse, in the light trap with the thin spoked wheels, that no ordinary policeman could hope to come up with or intercept it. The police patrols, however, come up with him by hard riding, and do not always keep to Her Majesty's highway. A good many publicans have lately had cause to regret a decline in the business of hiring out horses and carts of the class alluded to. One particular horse was known to the police by its invariable absence from its stable, immediately prior to and just after robberies of plate in outlying country districts. It never went out except on a 'silver job,' and it never came home without some farmer or country gentleman having to mourn the loss of his spoons. Matters at last got to such a pitch that something like a misunderstanding arose between the horse's owner and the police, and so strong was the prejudice of the officers, that the misunderstood landlord would certainly have lost his license had he not parted with his invaluable animal.

The detectives form a class apart in the police. In addition to the arrangement of beats and fixed points, each division sends forth a certain number of plain-clothes men, whose duty it is to supplement as detectives the efforts of the constables in uniform. They go out dressed up as sailors or labourers, or others, and were it not for the cleanliness of their faces and the severe cut of their hair, to say nothing of their methodical tread, they would pass very well. As it is, any thief worth his salt is able to distinguish one of them at a glance; but at a little distance even thieves' sharpness may be deceived. To be a detective is, in the eye of the ordinary policeman, not only to be classed as a sharp and responsible man, but to be a lucky and a money-making man. They are divided into two branches—the divisional detectives, and those of Scotland Yard. The latter are, in a measure, the staff of the Force,

and form in some sort a connecting link between head-quarters and the various divisions. If a great murder be committed, the inspector of the locality details a couple of his plain-clothes men to make inquiries. The men chosen have generally some knowledge of the place and the people about, and they learn what they can relative to the matter. A report is sent up to Scotland Yard, and if the case be important it is put into the hands of one of the crack detectives there. He goes down to the locality, and puts himself into communication with the divisional detectives, who have been talking to apple-women, examining pot-boys, and sounding cabmen, with commendable industry. He requires them to yield up all their knowledge, laboriously acquired, and they do so, with the best grace they can, inwardly cursing him and the commissioner who sent him. For although they have the pains of making all the inquiries, and have stood the expense attending the getting of a clue which may ultimately lead to the desired capture, they will now have none of the glory of success, and only a small portion of any reward which may be offered. Sometimes the divisional detectives, who do the work, get only 10% out of the reward of 200%, which is generally offered on the occasion of a great crime. A swell-detective, if he gets his name into the papers, and he generally does, will get the lion's share not only of public applause, but of any substantial reward the case may bring.

In cases where the man is secured, and difficulty is experienced in bringing the facts home to him, the inspector not only takes counsel with the detectives, but with his superintendent, and all the circumstances are laid before the solicitor of the Treasury. That important functionary then decides as to the course to be pursued, and with him rests the choice of the evidence to be produced—we will not say withheld. Here, again, the distribution of praise and blame is not always unimpeachable. If the prosecution fail, it is said that the police have made a mess of it; and if it succeeds, the Treasury gets credit for the care and judgment with which it prepared the case. Yet the facts in either event have been all collected by the police, and the use made of them depended not on the judgment of the men in blue, but of the men of law—the Treasury solicitor and his counsel. The advice of the police is not asked, and if offered would not be taken, except as an evidence of presumption.

The detectives are not, however, always following or missing the trail of a murderer. Their duties sometimes cast their lines in pleasant places. At noblemen's balls helmeted policemen keep the doors, but the detective, in dress coat and kid gloves, enters with the company. It is not generally known that even at balls given by the highest nobility, by ambassadors, and the most exclusive of the 'Upper Ten,' a detective, in evening dress, with a bland smile on his face, and his moustache curled

in the most aggravating fashion, stalks about, and makes a note of divers things. If he happens to see, as he sometimes does, a swell-mobsmen who has slipped in unawares, that swell-mobsmen will find himself not necessarily arrested, but pushed out by moral pressure from the ball-room into the street, in five minutes. But it is not swell-mobsmen invariably that the detective, in evening dress, has to look after. Even in the very highest ranks, the mania for picking and stealing is not always undeveloped. Gentlemen with immense rent-rolls have been known to pocket a watch, abstracted from the belt of a lady with whom they have been waltzing. Even noblemen are not always above this incomprehensible weakness. If an act of this kind happen to be effected under the eye of the representative of the law, one thing is certain not to follow—the arrest and exposure of the culprit. That would make a scene, and well-bred society abhors scenes. The next morning, in the ordinary course of things, the valet of the gentleman who has possessed himself of his neighbour's goods, will find himself approached in a very diplomatic manner, and solicited to request the return of such and such an article of jewellery, which his noble master happened to pick up at the ball. The valet is generally a man of discretion, and hands over the article, with many apologies for not having taken it to his owner, as his master had directed,—but he was so busy, &c., &c.

Some officers are set apart for watching political movements, and sometimes they exercise a degree of ability and an ingenuity of which the public at large has little suspicion. Indeed, the public might, if it knew all, be tempted to apply very hard names to the intelligent officers and the *ruses* they employ. Instances have occurred in which distinguished foreigners, on political missions to this country, have had for their private secretaries detectives from Scotland Yard, introduced by parties whose position and influence were supposed to be 'guarantees of good faith.' Of course, all the private correspondence addressed to their employers by Englishmen and Continentals was duly read, the contents noted, and communicated to Scotland Yard. In this way much useful knowledge was acquired, of which our guests knew nothing. The men selected for such duties as those, in which great tact and cleverness are of course requisite, are good linguists, and of more or less education; they would pass muster fairly enough in any assembly of gentlemen—and gentlemen, of a sort, some of them undoubtedly are. The expenses of these men are very liberally provided for, not as a rule out of the police funds, but out of that secret-service money, whose amount exercises so much the economic soul of Mr. Rylands, M.P.

It is impossible, in the limits of an article, to present to the reader anything like a complete view of the ramifications and inner workings of the police system. We have indicated its broad features—to do more

would require a volume. The prevailing idea is that the police are simply able-bodied fools, dressed up in blue; and that the detective is all his life employed in letting murderers slip through his fingers. But a very slight study of the subject would be sufficient to modify this impression. The system is wonderfully comprehensive, and makes its influence felt in matters of which the outside world knows nothing. If 1000% worth of gunpowder be sent along the public streets, in a couple of open vans, it is the police who seize it before it has time to reduce a fourth of London to ruins. The smoke that ascends from a factory chimney, or a baker's flue, is noted by them, and the factory owner or the baker will find that in fourteen days forty shillings must be paid for polluting the air of heaven. It is the police who interdict a female Blondin from walking along a wire too thin to support her fragile limbs. If a kleptomaniac, in a duchess's ball-room, helps himself to a locket or a diamond, the police have an eye upon him just as much as if he were the occupant of a thieves' kitchen. The system often fails to do all that is expected of it, but, as a compensation, it very often does more than the public expects or would even desire.

CARMILLA.

BY SHERIDAN LE FANU.

CHAPTER VII.

DESCENDING.

It would be vain my attempting to tell you the horror with which, even now, I recall the occurrence of that night. It was no such transitory terror as a dream leaves behind it. It seemed to deepen by time, and communicated itself to the room and the very furniture that had encompassed the apparition.

I could not bear next day to be alone for a moment. I should have told papa, but for two opposite reasons. At one time I thought he would laugh at my story, and I could not bear its being treated as a jest; and at another I thought he might fancy that I had been attacked by the mysterious complaint which had invaded our neighbourhood. I had myself no misgivings of the kind, and as he had been rather an invalid for some time, I was afraid of alarming him.

I was comfortable enough with my good-natured companions, Madame Paradon, and the vivacious Mademoiselle de Lafontaine. They both perceived that I was out of spirits and nervous, and at length I told them what lay so heavy at my heart.

Mademoiselle laughed, but I fancied that Madame Paradon looked anxious.

'By-the-bye,' said Mademoiselle, laughing, 'the long lime-tree walk, behind Carmilla's bedroom-window, is haunted!'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Madame, who probably thought the theme rather inopportune, 'and who tells that story, my dear?'

'Martin says that he came up twice, when the old yard-gate was being repaired, before sunrise, and twice saw the same female figure walking down the lime-tree avenue.'

'So he well might, as long as there are cows to milk in the river fields,' said Madame.

'I daresay; but Martin chooses to be frightened, and never did I see fool *more* frightened.'

'You must not say a word about it to Carmilla, because she can see down that walk from her room window,' I interposed, 'and she is, if possible, a greater coward than I.'

Carmilla came down rather later than usual that day.

'I was so frightened last night,' she said, so soon as we were together, 'and I am sure I should have seen something dreadful if it had not been for that charm I bought from the poor little hunchback whom I called such hard names. I had a dream of something black coming round my bed, and I awoke in a perfect horror, and I really thought, for some seconds, I saw a dark figure near the chimney-piece, but I felt under my pillow for my charm, and the moment my fingers touched it, the figure disappeared, and I felt quite certain, only that I had it by me, that something frightful would have made its appearance, and, perhaps, throttled me, as it did those poor people we heard of.'

'Well, listen to me,' I began, and recounted my adventure, at the recital of which she appeared horrified.

'And had you the charm near you?' she asked, earnestly.

'No, I had dropped it into a china vase in the drawing-room, but I shall certainly take it with me to-night, as you have so much faith in it.'

At this distance of time I cannot tell you, or even understand, how I overcame my horror so effectually as to lie alone in my room that night. I remember distinctly that I pinned the charm to my pillow. I fell asleep almost immediately, and slept even more soundly than usual all night.

Next night I passed as well. My sleep was delightfully deep and dreamless. But I wakened with a sense of lassitude and melancholy, which, however, did not exceed a degree that was almost luxurious.

'Well, I told you so,' said Carmilla, when I described my quiet sleep, 'I had such delightful sleep myself last night; I pinned the charm to the breast of my night-dress. It was too far away the night before. I am quite sure it was all fancy, except the dreams. I used to think that evil spirits made dreams, but our doctor told me it is no such thing. Only a fever passing by, or some other malady, as they often do, he said, knocks at the door, and not being able to get in, passes on, with that alarm.'

'And what do you think the charm is?' said I.

'It has been fumigated or immersed in some drug, and is an antidote against the malaria,' she answered.

'Then it acts only on the body?'

'Certainly; you don't suppose that evil spirits are frightened by bits of ribbon, or the perfumes of a druggist's shop? No, these complaints,

wandering in the air, begin by trying the nerves, and so infect the brain, but before they can seize upon you, the antidote repels them. That I am sure is what the charm has done for us. It is nothing magical, it is simply natural.'

I should have been happier if I could have quite agreed with Carmilla, but I did my best, and the impression was a little losing its force.

For some nights I slept profoundly ; but still every morning I felt the same lassitude, and a languor weighed upon me all day. I felt myself a changed girl. A strange melancholy was stealing over me, a melancholy that I would not have interrupted. Dim thoughts of death began to open, and an idea that I was slowly sinking took gentle, and, somehow, not unwelcome, possession of me. If it was sad, the tone of mind which this induced was also sweet. Whatever it might be, my soul acquiesced in it.

I would not admit that I was ill, I would not consent to tell my papa, or to have the doctor sent for.

Carmilla became more devoted to me than ever, and her strange paroxysms of languid adoration more frequent. She used to gloat on me with increasing ardour the more my strength and spirits waned. This always shocked me like a momentary glare of insanity.

Without knowing it, I was now in a pretty advanced stage of the strangest illness under which mortal ever suffered. There was an unaccountable fascination in its earlier symptoms that more than reconciled me to the incapacitating effect of that stage of the malady. This fascination increased for a time, until it reached a certain point, when gradually a sense of the horrible mingled itself with it, deepening, as you shall hear, until it discoloured and perverted the whole state of my life.

The first change I experienced was rather agreeable. It was very near the turning-point from which began the descent of Avernus.

Certain vague and strange sensations visited me in my sleep. The prevailing one was of that pleasant, peculiar cold thrill which we feel in bathing, when we move against the current of a river. This was soon accompanied by dreams that seemed interminable, and were so vague that I could never recollect their scenery and persons, or any one connected portion of their action. But they left an awful impression, and a sense of exhaustion, as if I had passed through a long period of great mental exertion and danger. After all these dreams there remained on waking a remembrance of having been in a place very nearly dark, and of having spoken to people whom I could not see ; and especially of one clear voice, of a female's, very deep, that spoke as if at a distance, slowly, and producing always the same sensation of indescribable solemnity and fear. Some-

times there came a sensation as if a hand was drawn softly along my cheek and neck. Sometimes it was as if warm lips kissed me, and longer and more lovingly as they reached my throat, but there the caress fixed itself. My heart beat faster, my breathing rose and fell rapidly and full drawn; a sobbing, that rose into a sense of strangulation, supervened, and turned into a dreadful convulsion, in which my senses left me and I became unconscious.

It was now three weeks since the commencement of this unaccountable state. My sufferings had, during the last week, told upon my appearance. I had grown pale, my eyes were dilated and darkened underneath, and the langour which I had long felt began to display itself in my countenance.

My father asked me often whether I was ill; but, with an obstinacy which now seems to me unaccountable, I persisted in assuring him that I was quite well.

In a sense this was true. I had no pain, I could complain of no bodily derangement. My complaint seemed to be one of the imagination, or the nerves, and, horrible as my sufferings were, I kept them, with a morbid reserve, very nearly to myself.

It could not be that terrible complaint which the peasants called the oupire, for I had now been suffering for three weeks, and they were seldom ill for much more than three days, when death put an end to their miseries.

Carmilla complained of dreams and feverish sensations, but by no means of so alarming a kind as mine. I say that mine were extremely alarming. Had I been capable of comprehending my condition, I would have invoked aid and advice on my knees. The narcotic of an unsuspected influence was acting upon me, and my perceptions were benumbed.

I am going to tell you now of a dream that led immediately to an odd discovery.

One night, instead of the voice I was accustomed to hear in the dark, I heard one, sweet and tender, and at the same time terrible, which said, 'Your mother warns you to beware of the assassin.' At the same time a light unexpectedly sprang up, and I saw Carmilla, standing, near the foot of my bed, in her white night-dress, bathed, from her chin to her feet, in one great stain of blood.

I wakened with a shriek, possessed with the one idea that Carmilla was being murdered. I remember springing from my bed, and my next recollection is that of standing on the lobby, crying for help.

Madame and Mademoiselle came scurrying out of their rooms in alarm; a lamp burned always on the lobby, and seeing me, they soon learned the cause of my terror.

I insisted on our knocking at Carmilla's door. Our knocking was un-



DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'CARMILLA.'



RECEIVED BY THE POST OFFICE

answered. It soon became a pounding and an uproar. We shrieked her name, but all was vain.

We all grew frightened, for the door was locked. We hurried back, in panic, to my room. There we rang the bell long and furiously. If my father's room had been at that side of the house, we would have called him up at once to our aid. But, alas ! he was quite out of hearing, and to reach him involved an excursion for which we none of us had courage.

Servants, however, soon came running up the stairs ; I had got on my dressing-gown and slippers meanwhile, and my companions were already similarly furnished. Recognising the voices of the servants on the lobby, we sallied out together ; and having renewed, as fruitlessly, our summons at Carmilla's door, I ordered the men to force the lock. They did so, and we stood, holding our lights aloft, in the doorway, and so stared into the room.

We called her by name ; but there was still no reply. We looked round the room. Everything was undisturbed. It was exactly in the state in which I had left it on bidding her good night. But Carmilla was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEARCH.

At sight of the room, perfectly undisturbed except for our violent entrance, we began to cool a little, and soon recovered our senses sufficiently to dismiss the men. It had struck Mademoiselle that possibly Carmilla had been wakened by the uproar at her door, and in her first panic had jumped from her bed, and hid herself in a press, or behind a curtain, from which she could not, of course, emerge until the majordomo and his myrmidons had withdrawn. We now recommenced our search, and began to call her by name again.

It was all to no purpose. Our perplexity and agitation increased. We examined the windows, but they were secured. I implored of Carmilla, if she had concealed herself, to play this cruel trick no longer—to come out, and to end our anxieties. It was all useless. I was by this time convinced that she was not in the room, nor in the dressing room, the door of which was still locked on this side. She could not have passed it. I was utterly puzzled. Had Carmilla discovered one of those secret passages which the old housekeeper said were known to exist in the schloss, although the tradition of their exact situation had been lost. A

little time would, no doubt, explain all—utterly perplexed as, for the present, we were.

It was past four o'clock, and I preferred passing the remaining hours of darkness in Madame's room. Daylight brought no solution of the difficulty.

The whole household, with my father at its head, was in a state of agitation next morning. Every part of the chateau was searched. The grounds were explored. Not a trace of the missing lady could be discovered. The stream was about to be dragged; my father was in distraction; what a tale to have to tell the poor girl's mother on her return. I, too, was almost beside myself, though my grief was quite of a different kind.

The morning was passed in alarm and excitement. It was now one o'clock, and still no tidings. I ran up to Carmilla's room, and found her standing at her dressing-table. I was astounded. I could not believe my eyes. She beckoned me to her with her pretty finger, in silence. Her face expressed extreme fear.

I ran to her in an ecstasy of joy; I kissed and embraced her again and again. I ran to the bell and rang it vehemently, to bring others to the spot, who might at once relieve my father's anxiety.

'Dear Carmilla, what has become of you all this time? We have been in agonies of anxiety about you,' I exclaimed. 'Where have you been? How did you come back?'

'Last night has been a night of wonders,' she said.

'For mercy's sake, explain all you can.'

'It was past two last night' she said, 'when I went to sleep as usual in my bed, with my doors locked, that of the dressing-room, and that opening upon the gallery. My sleep was uninterrupted, and, so far as I know, dreamless; but I awoke just now on the sofa in the dressing-room there, and I found the door between the rooms open, and the other door forced. How could all this have happened without my being wakened? It must have been accompanied with a great deal of noise, and I am particularly easily wakened; and how could I have been carried out of my bed without my sleep having been interrupted, I whom the slightest stir startles?'

By this time, Madame, Mademoiselle, my father, and a number of the servants were in the room. Carmilla was, of course, overwhelmed with enquiries, congratulations, and welcomes. She had but one story to tell, and seemed the least able of all the party to suggest any way of accounting for what had happened.

My father took a turn up and down the room, thinking. I saw Carmilla's eye follow him for a moment with a sly, dark glance.

When my father had sent the servants away, Mademoiselle having

gone in search of a little bottle of valerian and sal-volatile, and there being no one now in the room with Carmilla, except my father, Madame, and myself, he came to her thoughtfully, took her hand very kindly, led her to the sofa, and sat down beside her.

‘Will you forgive me, my dear, if I risk a conjecture, and ask a question?’

‘Who can have a better right?’ she said. ‘Ask what you please, and I will tell you everything. But my story is simply one of bewilderment and darkness. I know absolutely nothing. Put any question you please. But you know, of course, the limitations mamma has placed me under?’

‘Perfectly, my dear child. I need not approach the topics on which she desires our silence. Now, the marvel of last night consists in your having been removed from your bed and your room, without being awakened, and this removal’s having occurred apparently while the windows were still secured, and the two doors locked upon the inside. I will tell you my theory, and first ask you a question.’

Carmilla was leaning on her hand dejectedly; Madame and I were listening breathlessly.

‘Now, my question is this. Have you ever been suspected of walking in your sleep?’

‘Never, since I was very young indeed.’

‘But you did walk in your sleep when you were young?’

‘Yes; I know I did. I have been told so often by my old nurse.’

My father smiled and nodded.

‘Well, what has happened is this. You got up in your sleep, unlocked the door, not leaving the key, as usual, in the lock, but taking it out and locking it on the outside; you again took the key out, and carried it away with you to some one of the five-and-twenty rooms on this floor, or perhaps up-stairs or down-stairs. There are so many rooms and closets, so much heavy furniture, and such accumulations of lumber, that it would require a week to search this old house thoroughly. Do you see, now, what I mean?’

‘I do, but not all,’ she answered.

‘And how, papa, do you account for her finding herself on the sofa in the dressing-room, which we had searched so carefully?’

‘She came there after you had searched it, still in her sleep, and at last awoke spontaneously, and was as much surprised to find herself where she was as any one else. I wish all mysteries were as easily and innocently explained as yours, Carmilla,’ he said, laughing. ‘And so we may congratulate ourselves on the certainty that the most natural explanation of the occurrence is one that involves no drugging, no tampering with locks, no burglars, or poisoners, or witches—nothing that need alarm Carmilla, or any one else, for our safety.’

Carmilla was looking charmingly. Nothing could be more beautiful than her tints. Her beauty was, I think, enhanced by that graceful languor that was peculiar to her. I think my father was silently contrasting her looks with mine, for he said :

‘I wish my poor Laura was looking more like herself ;’ and he sighed.

So our alarms were happily ended, and Carmilla restored to her friends.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOCTOR.

As Carmilla would not hear of an attendant sleeping in her room, my father arranged that a servant should sleep outside her door, so that she could not attempt to make another such excursion without being arrested at her own door.

That night passed quietly ; and next morning early, the doctor, whom my father had sent for without telling me a word about it, arrived to see me.

Madame accompanied me to the library ; and there the grave little doctor, with white hair and spectacles, whom I mentioned before, was waiting to receive me.

I told him my story, and as I proceeded he grew graver and graver.

We were standing, he and I, in the recess of one of the windows, facing one another. When my statement was over, he leaned with his shoulders against the wall, and with his eyes fixed on me earnestly, with an interest in which was a dash of horror.

After a minute’s reflection, he asked Madame if he could see my father.

He was sent for accordingly, and as he entered, smiling, he said, ‘I dare say, doctor, you are going to tell me that I am an old fool for having brought you here ; I hope I am.’

But his smile faded into shadow as the doctor, with a very grave face, beckoned him to him.

He and the doctor talked for some time in the same recess where I had just conferred with the physician. It seemed an earnest and argumentative conversation. The room is very large, and I and Madame stood together, burning with curiosity, at the further end. Not a word could we hear, however, for they spoke in a very low tone, and the deep recess of the window quite concealed the doctor from view, and very nearly my father, whose foot, arm, and shoulder only could we see ; and the voices

were, I suppose, all the less audible for the sort of closet which the thick wall and window formed.

After a time my father's face looked into the room; it was pale, thoughtful, and, I fancied, agitated.

'Laura, dear, come here for a moment. Madame, we shan't trouble you, the doctor says, at present.'

Accordingly I approached, for the first time a little alarmed; for, although I felt very weak, I did not feel ill; and strength, one always fancies, is a thing that may be picked up when we please.

My father held out his hand to me, as I drew near, but he was looking at the doctor, and he said:

'It certainly is very odd; I don't understand it quite. Laura, come here, dear; now attend to Doctor Spielsberg, and recollect yourself.'

'You mentioned a sensation like that of two needles piercing the skin, somewhere about your neck, on the night when you experienced your first horrible dream. Is there still any soreness?'

'None at all,' I answered.

'Can you indicate with your finger about the point at which you think this occurred?'

'Very little below my throat—*here*,' I answered.

I wore a morning dress, which covered the place I pointed to.

'Now you can satisfy yourself,' said the doctor. 'You won't mind your papa's lowering your dress a very little. It is necessary, to detect a symptom of the complaint under which you have been suffering.'

I acquiesced. It was only an inch or two below the edge of my collar.

'God bless me!—so it is,' exclaimed my father, growing pale.

'You see it now with your own eyes,' said the doctor, with a gloomy triumph.

'What is it?' I exclaimed, beginning to be frightened.

'Nothing, my dear young lady, but a small blue spot, about the size of the tip of your little finger; and now,' he continued, turning to papa,

'the question is what is best to be done?'

'Is there any danger?' I urged, in great trepidation.

'I trust not, my dear,' answered the doctor. 'I don't see why you should not recover. I don't see why you should not begin *immediately* to get better. That is the point at which the sense of strangulation begins?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'And—recollect as well as you can—the same point was a kind of centre of that thrill which you described just now, like the current of a cold stream running against you?'

'It may have been; I think it was.'

'Ay, you see?' he added, turning to my father. 'Shall I say a word to Madame?'

‘Certainly,’ said my father.

He called Madame to him, and said :

‘I find my young friend here far from well. It won’t be of any great consequence, I hope ; but it will be necessary that some steps be taken, which I will explain by-and-bye ; but in the meantime, Madame, you will be so good as not to let Miss Laura be alone for one moment. That is the only direction I need give for the present. It is indispensable.’

‘We may rely upon your kindness, Madame, I know,’ added my father.

Madame satisfied him eagerly.

‘And you, dear Laura, I know you will observe the doctor’s direction.’

‘I shall have to ask your opinion upon another patient, whose symptoms slightly resemble those of my daughter, that have just been detailed to you—very much milder in degree, but I believe quite of the same sort. She is a young lady—our guest ; but as you say you will be passing this way again this evening, you can’t do better than take your supper here, and you can then see her. She does not come down till the afternoon.’

‘I thank you,’ said the doctor. ‘I shall be with you, then, at about seven this evening.’

And then they repeated their directions to me and to Madame, and with this parting charge my father left us, and walked out with the doctor ; and I saw them pacing together up and down between the road and the moat, on the grassy platform in front of the castle, evidently absorbed in earnest conversation.

The doctor did not return. I saw him mount his horse there, take his leave, and ride away eastward through the forest.

Nearly at the same time I saw the man arrive from Dranfeld with the letters, and dismount and hand the bag to my father.

In the meantime, Madame and I were both busy, lost in conjecture as to the reasons of the singular and earnest direction which the doctor and my father had concurred in imposing. Madame, as she afterwards told me, was afraid the doctor apprehended a sudden seizure, and that, without prompt assistance, I might either lose my life in a fit, or at least be seriously hurt. This interpretation did not strike me ; and I fancied, perhaps luckily for my nerves, that the arrangement was prescribed simply to secure a companion, who would prevent my taking too much exercise, or eating unripe fruit, or doing any of the fifty foolish things to which young people are supposed to be prone.

About half-an-hour after my father came in—he had a letter in his hand—and said :

‘This letter has been delayed ; it is from General Spielsdorf. He

might have been here yesterday, he may not come till to-morrow, or he may be here to-day.' He put the open letter into my hand ; but he did not look pleased, as he used when a guest, especially one so much loved as the General, was coming. On the contrary, he looked as if he wished him at the bottom of the Red Sea. There was plainly something on his mind which he did not choose to divulge.

'Papa, darling, will you tell me this?' said I, suddenly laying my hand on his arm, and looking, I am sure, imploringly in his face.

'Perhaps,' he answered, smoothing my hair caressingly over my eyes.

'Does the doctor think me very ill?'

'No, dear ; he thinks, if right steps are taken, you will be quite well again, at least, on the high road to a complete recovery, in a day or two,' he answered, a little drily. 'I wish our good friend, the General, had chosen any other time ; that is, I wish you had been perfectly well to receive him.'

'But do tell me, papa,' I insisted, '*what* does he think is the matter with me?'

'Nothing ; you must not plague me with questions,' he answered, with more irritation than I ever remember him to have displayed before ; and seeing that I looked wounded, I suppose, he kissed me, and added, 'You shall know all about it in a day or two ; that is, all that *I* know. In the meantime you are not to trouble your head about it.'

He turned and left the room, but came back before I had done wondering and puzzling over the oddity of all this ; it was merely to say that he was going to Karnstein, and had ordered the carriage to be ready at twelve, and that I and Madame should accompany him ; he was going to see the priest who lived near those picturesque grounds, upon business, and as Carmilla had never seen them, she could follow, when she came down, with Mademoiselle, who would bring materials for what you call a pic-nic, which might be laid for us in the ruined castle.

At twelve o'clock, accordingly, I was ready, and not long after my father, Madame, and I set out upon our projected drive.

Passing the drawbridge we turn to the right, and follow the road over the steep gothic bridge, westward, to reach the deserted village and ruined castle of Karnstein. No sylvan drive can be fancied prettier. The ground breaks into gentle hills and hollows, all clothed with beautiful wood, totally destitute of the comparative formality which artificial planting and early culture and pruning impart.

The irregularities of the ground often lead the road out of its course, and cause it to wind beautifully round the sides of broken hollows and the steeper sides of the hills, among varieties of ground almost inexhaustible.

Turning one of these points, we suddenly encountered the old General,

riding towards us, attended by a mounted servant. His portmanteaux were following in a hired waggon, such as we term a cart.

The General dismounted as we pulled up, and, after the usual greetings, was easily persuaded to accept the vacant seat in the carriage, and send his horse on with his servant to the schloss.

CHAPTER X.

BEREAVED.

It was about ten months since we had last seen him; but that time had sufficed to make an alteration of years in his appearance. He had grown thinner; something of gloom and anxiety had taken the place of that cordial serenity which used to characterise his features. His dark blue eyes, always penetrating, now gleamed with a sterner light from under his shaggy grey eyebrows. It was not such a change as grief alone usually induces, and angrier passions seemed to have had their share in bringing it about.

We had not long resumed our drive, when the General began to talk, with his usual soldierly directness, of the bereavement, as he termed it, which he had sustained in the death of his beloved niece and ward; and he then broke out in a tone of intense bitterness and fury, inveighing against the 'hellish arts' to which she had fallen a victim, and expressing, with more exasperation than piety, his wonder that Heaven should tolerate so monstrous an indulgence of the lusts and malignity of hell.

My father, who saw at once that something very extraordinary had befallen, asked him, if not too painful to him, to detail the circumstances which he thought justified the strong terms in which he expressed himself.

'I should tell you all with pleasure,' said the General, 'but you would not believe me.'

'Why should I not?' he asked.

'Because,' he answered testily, 'you believe in nothing but what consists with your own prejudices and illusions. I remember when I was like you, but I have learned better.'

'Try me,' said my father; 'I am not such a dogmatist as you suppose. Besides which, I very well know that you generally require proof for what you believe, and am, therefore, very strongly pre-disposed to respect your conclusions.'

'You are right in supposing that I have not been led lightly into a belief in the marvellous—for what I have experienced is marvellous—'

and I have been forced by extraordinary evidence to credit that which ran counter, diametrically, to all my theories. I have been made the dupe of a preternatural conspiracy.'

Notwithstanding his professions of confidence in the General's penetration, I saw my father, at this point, glance at the General, with, as I thought, a marked suspicion of his sanity.

The General did not see it, luckily. He was looking gloomily and curiously into the glades and vistas of the woods that were opening before us.

'You are going to the Ruins of Karnstein?' he said. 'Yes, it is a lucky coincidence; do you know I was going to ask you to bring me there to inspect them. I have a special object in exploring. There is a ruined chapel, ain't there, with a great many tombs of that extinct family?'

'So there are—highly interesting,' said my father. 'I hope you are thinking of claiming the title and estates?'

My father said this gaily, but the General did not recollect the laugh, or even the smile, which courtesy exacts for a friend's joke; on the contrary, he looked grave and even fierce, ruminating on a matter that stirred his anger and horror.

'Something very different,' he said, gruffly. 'I mean to unearth some of those fine people. I hope, by God's blessing, to accomplish a pious sacrilege here, which will relieve our earth of certain monsters, and enable honest people to sleep in their beds without being assailed by murderers. I have strange things to tell you, my dear friend, such as I myself would have scouted as incredible a few months since.'

My father looked at him again, but this time not with a glance of suspicion—with an eye, rather, of keen intelligence and alarm.

'The house of Karnstein,' he said, 'has been long extinct: a hundred years at least. My dear wife was maternally descended from the Karnsteins. But the name and title have long ceased to exist. The castle is a ruin; the very village is deserted; it is fifty years since the smoke of a chimney was seen there; not a roof left.'

'Quite true. I have heard a great deal about that since I last saw you; a great deal that will astonish you. But I had better relate everything in the order in which it occurred,' said the General. 'You saw my dear ward—my child, I may call her. No creature could have been more beautiful, and only three months ago none more blooming.'

'Yes, poor thing! when I saw her last she certainly was quite lovely,' said my father. 'I was grieved and shocked more than I can tell you, my dear friend; I knew what a blow it was to you.'

He took the General's hand, and they exchanged a kind pressure. Tears gathered in the old soldier's eyes. He did not seek to conceal them. He said:

'We have been very old friends ; I knew you would feel for me, childless as I am. She had become an object of very near interest to me, and repaid my care by an affection that cheered my home and made my life happy. That is all gone. The years that remain to me on earth may not be very long ; but by God's mercy I hope to accomplish a service to mankind before I die, and to subserve the vengeance of Heaven upon the fiends who have murdered my poor child in the spring of her hopes and beauty !'

'You said, just now, that you intended relating everything as it occurred,' said my father. 'Pray do ; I assure you that it is not mere curiosity that prompts me.'

By this time we had reached the point at which the Drunstall road, by which the General had come, diverges from the road which we were travelling to Karnstein.

'How far is it to the ruins ?' enquired the General, looking anxiously forward.

'About half a league,' answered my father. 'Pray let us hear the story you were so good as to promise.'

[To be continued.]

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT AT VERSAILLES.

BY THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

PERHAPS the most interesting day's work that could be done from Versailles, returning the same evening, was a visit to the battered, ruined fort of Issy, including, as it did, a glimpse of the Chateau of Meudon and the fort of Vanvres, and a good view of the enceinte and the city. The road runs through the villages of Viroflay, Chaville, Sèvres, Bas Meudon, and Bellevue—villages which, compared with the destruction which had fallen on Garches, Vaucresson and St. Cloud, may be said to have escaped almost unscathed by war. Viroflay and Chaville were untouched, but in Sèvres the marks of shot and shell began to show, becoming more numerous as the front was neared. In the same way that on a battle-field you will see men wounded and killed in all manner of curious ways, scarcely any two of them being hit in precisely the same spot, so the houses in these exposed villages were suffering from every conceivable sort of contusion, and showed an infinite variety of blows, bruises, and rents. Some had been shot through the head, great holes having been torn in the roof by bursting shells; others were merely grazed, a shutter knocked off here, a cornice shattered there; others, again, which had escaped the iron hail, had become so demoralised by the brutal incidents of war that they were quietly, but hopelessly, succumbing to a process of premature decay.

From near Bas Meudon we followed on foot the course of the German approaches. Entering upon the railway embankment by a sheltered gully, the besiegers had worked their way along their own side of the line, burrowing like moles, well under cover, until they reached a bridge sheltered from the enemy's fire. Making a bolt across this, they established themselves on the other side, and continued slowly boring their way along, forming, as they went, a safe commodious trench. Every

depression in the ground had been utilised, every rise taken advantage of to dig rifle-pits or throw up a little earthwork surmounted with sand-bags, and on the only ridge which at all commanded the line and which was also therefore exposed to the guns of Issy they had fortified themselves quite sufficiently to render it secure against any ordinary attack. Thus they had crept on, bit by bit, as far as Clamard Station, where they were met by the French working to meet them. Here they had thrown up a strong barricade across the line, not more than twenty yards distant from the defences of the French. At right angles to the barricade and consequently parallel to the railway, they had dug rifle-pits and fortified themselves pretty strongly in a position from which their fire must have proved very galling to the gunners on the fort, their nearest pits being about 150 yards from the ramparts. The French barricade was approached by very neatly executed traverses from the fort, and they had also thrown up earthworks and dug pits close to the station, in order to keep the enemy in check. What an exciting time they must have had in these opposing works, creeping about like mice, burrowing like moles, peering through interstices in fascines, chinks in shutters, and crevices in the earth! Issy was a wonderful sight to see, a marvellous example of the destructive effects of a bombardment upon lofty buildings, and the comparative slight result obtained against the earthworks and masonry of the fortified lines. It is a fine specimen of a fortification depending entirely upon adapted science for its strength. Placed on a perfectly level plain, dominated by the low hills above Fleury, Meudon, and Clamard, it is indebted in no way to nature, and has, in consequence, been planned and built with especial care. Without entering very minutely into technicalities, which would be partly unintelligible to the reader, I will endeavour to give some idea of this fort, which, on account of its exposed position, was singled out as the one most suitable for attack. It is constructed on an almost level plain; and the ground, sloping slightly from it, forms an admirable field of fire all around. In shape it is pentagonal, built on the principle of the French bastion trace, which differs slightly in the salient and re-entering angles of the bastion fronts from that adopted in other schools of military engineering. The first obstacle to an opposing force consists of a strong abattis, or chevaux de frise, of branches and trees, which follows the configuration of the fort a little in advance of the glacis. Just at the foot of the slope forming the glacis a stockade or palisade is also fixed. The curtains and faces of the bastions are formed in the usual manner, the upper part of sloped earth, the lower of earth faced with stone and brick mixed. The counterscarp is constructed of the same material. The fosse is very wide, level at the bottom, and about 20 ft. in depth. The principal entrance towards

Paris, and the posterns on either side, are defended by small interior stockaded works. On the right of the south-west front (that facing Meudon) is a lunette, situated close to a small graveyard, and connected with the main work. Two heavy guns, mounted in this outlying fort, caused great annoyance to the Prussian batteries before and during the bombardment. On the left of the same front—that is, towards Clamart Station—another small stockaded earthwork had been thrown up.

Guns of very various calibres were mounted on the fort, which was armed on all faces, excepting only the front opposite to Paris. Every variety of arm was represented, from the cumbrous heavy pieces of naval ordnance to the light jaunty-looking guns of the field artillery. The curtains and bastion faces were armed with iron naval guns, measuring about 16 centimetres in diameter of bore, and with long 24 lbs. cannon, all of which are muzzle-loading. All the iron naval guns, and most of the 24lbs., are rifled. On the flanks of the bastions, placed so as to command the approaches, and sweep with a cross-fire the faces of the curtains and fronts, were placed 12 lb. and 16 lb. siege guns, a few of which only are rifled. Besides the cannon enumerated, there was a battery of four 10-inch mortars on the bastion-face looking towards Sévres. The guns in this, as in all the other forts forming the extramural defences of Paris were mounted *en barbette*, and were in most cases worked in embrasures formed of gabions, fascines, and barrels filled with sand or clay; but in some instances the pieces were placed so as to fire over the level parapet. Of casemates, properly so-called, there were none. They had excavated bomb proofs in the solid earth forming the parapet, but had not mounted any guns within them or pierced them with embrasures. The external defences of Paris, though they are regular forts as to shape, and, in so far as they have brick and stone-built scarp and counterscarp, partake more of the nature of an earthwork than of the old-fashioned stone and mortar forts. Of the relative merits of the two systems I know nothing. One thing is obvious to any one who has paid the slightest attention to the operations of the Germans during the bombardment, and that is, that although the lines and defences of a fort may be scarcely damaged at all, it is impossible for men, unless properly sheltered, to work their guns under the sort of fire that can be brought to bear against them from batteries erected at even considerable distances. The French sailors, who in a great measure manned the forts, are first-rate men, and no doubt fought their guns as long as they could. One glance at the interior of Issy was sufficient to show that no man could have lived under the storm of shot and shell that worked such destruction there. It has come to be very nearly a question of shelter, and certainly if the gunners in Fort Issy had been well protected, there existed no reason why they should not have remained there as long as they had a ration of food left. The

French appear to have been marvellously remiss in this respect. During the four months which elapsed after the city was invested, they did, comparatively speaking, nothing to better their condition. In Issy they did not seem to have made any preparations for a bombardment. No splinter proofs had been erected over the batteries; no efforts made to house the men in commodious bomb-proof quarters; the lofty peace barracks were left standing, making capital targets for the enemies' guns, and the men, no other shelter having been provided, were obliged to remain in them till they were actually shelled out. An artist desirous of drawing a picture entitled 'War and the effects thereof,' could not have had a better study than the *terre plein*, or interior, of Fort Issy. The barracks and officers' quarters were not only knocked to pieces, but portions of them had been actually ground, powdered, and smashed into dust as fine as if they had been brazed in a mortar. Of the portions of the walls left standing there was scarcely a spot the size of your hand which was not marked by shot or splinters of shell, and the ground was strewn around with broken, jagged, bits of rusty iron. In the batteries things were very different, and the damage done was comparatively slight. The mortar battery must however have proved a pretty hot corner, judging by the shell splinters strewn thickly about, and on the south-eastern bastion a gun had been struck, and the embrasure knocked to pieces. On the exterior slope of the parapet also, especially on the southern side, the shot-holes were very numerous. The German fire had evidently been concentrated on two points—the barracks and houses, and the masonry of the curtain facing the hill at Fleury, on which their most advanced mortar battery was placed. Here they endeavoured to make a breach, and had so far succeeded that they had knocked a hole clean through the stonework into the casemate behind, which aperture the French had filled up with sandbags. The damage, though serious, in no way rendered the fort open to assault. A circular opening of no great size had been made in the scarp, but above it there remained intact at least four feet of solid masonry, together with the coping and the earth, forming the upper portion of the ramparts; both bastion flanks are also untouched, and a storming party would have found themselves terribly enfiladed by a cross-fire from either side. The counterscarp, too, had escaped, not a single shot having struck the edge of the fosse; and the outer defences, such as the palisade and chevaux de frise, had sustained but little damage. The breach therefore could not have been pronounced practicable; yet that the French expected an assault was evidenced by the fact that quantities of canister and grape were lying in the service magazines ready for use.

From the ramparts a glimpse could be obtained of the German batteries on the heights above Clamard and Meudon, and of the mortar battery at

Fleury—that is to say, their position was indicated by little open spaces in the woods where the trees had been felled to unmask the guns. On the right, prominent on account of its size and situation, lay the Chateau of Meudon, its bare walls standing out bleak and drear against the evening sky—once an epitome of civilisation, taste, and art, now a heap of smoke-begrimed but gilded ruins.

On our way home we overtook upon the railway the detachments marching in from their day's outpost duty, the men singing in chorus, laughing, joking, and evidently in great good spirits; they were happy at the thought that their trials and hardships were at an end, and pleased, no doubt, to find themselves the glad possessors of unperforated skins. Small parties of poor peasants were also wending their weary way out of Paris, each man carrying a small bundle, in search of the houses in which they dwelt. In many cases they must have found nothing but a heap of ruins; others will have found the bare walls standing, but all their furniture removed, broken, and scattered about the roads; others, again, must have been astonished to see the lowly dwellings in which they left nothing but the coarse but useful articles of humble domestic life, now replete with elegant and luxurious articles culled from the neighbouring houses of the better sort.

But though Issy was the most instructive, I need scarcely say that Valerien was the most interesting object to be seen. The former afforded an excellent opportunity of judging of the skill displayed by the besiegers in topographical engineering, and the care and prudence with which, in making their approaches, they had utilised every little natural advantage afforded by the nature of the ground. Nothing is too great or too small for this people. The smallest detail is treated with the same care that is given to the most comprehensive scheme. From the master mind who traces on the map the outline of the plans which he leaves to others to fill in, down, through many gradations, to the raw soldier—the animated target, turning over his shovel-full of earth, unconsciously obedient to the directing brain—all know their own separate tasks, all are thoroughly conversant with the duties peculiar to their station. There is no necessity for interference or instruction. The superior has but to give his order; the subordinate has all the knowledge necessary to obey. The idea of the chief, who ponders, calm and secluded, far from the scene of strife, works its way down, in all cases thoroughly fulfilled, from the highest to the lowest, till it stirs the sturdy muscles of the soldier labouring in the foremost trench. Still Valerien we had throughout looked upon as the great stronghold of the enemy; and I, among others, hurried off there in time to see the Red, White, and Blue hauled down, and replaced by the Black, White, and Red.

It was too late, however, to see much that evening, and I soon paid the fort another visit, proceeding, the barricades having been cleared away, by Ville d'Avray and Montretout, and returning through what was once the lovely village of St. Cloud.

In and about Montretout the houses were knocked about in a marvellous manner—smashed into strange, fantastic shapes. Roofs blown off, floors blown up, walls blown in. Half of a house carried away here, laying the whole interior bare, and showing the articles of furniture still standing on the shattered remnant of the floor; there, one with the roof swept clean away. On this side, a conservatory, with fading exotics still standing in the flower-pots, but with the iron top all twisted and curled up into long corkscrew shavings by the tearing passage of a shell; on that side, a pretty villa, otherwise untouched, but just grazed by a shot, which has knocked all the shutters and jalousies into tooth-picks, smashed the ornamental cornices, caught the leaden water-pipe and twirled it up in the air in ribbons, and finally broken off the upper corner of the wall. Nearly all the houses had been fired, and were still sending up dull clouds of smoke—fitting incense to be offered to the god of war. Most of the dwellings are pretty suburban villas, belonging to rich, well-to-do, comfortable people; and are furnished in that light, elegant, but somewhat gaudy, style which delights the heart of the Parisian trader who has 'made his pile.' I could see through the shot-holes and windows, as I rode along, bits of bright broken furniture, gilded chairs, large mirrors, gilt candlesticks, clock cases, &c.—all black and grimy with smoke and dirt, scorched, cracked, and blistered with heat, trodden under foot, covered with mud, filth, and dust. As to the road, it was in places strewed with furniture, broken toys, remnants of curtains and hangings, smashed perambulators, &c. The insides of the houses seem to have been simply dragged out and scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. A few poor people, principally servants, had wandered back, and were timidly peering about among the ruins, looking like sad, silent spectres of the past, compelled to revisit their former haunts. They had brought food with them, and were engaged in making fires of green wet sticks, patching up holes, and making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. It was not a cheerful scene, and I was glad to get away.

There is an excellent view from the road leading up to Valerien; groups of people were walking in the Bois de Boulogne, or standing on the race-course, looking anxiously, perhaps, at the sites of their houses and villas, and wondering in what condition they would find their property when they could obtain permission to leave the city. Behind us lay the blackened, smoke-shrouded remnants of Montretout; before us stretched the river and the town. It was the

first genial day of the young year; the air felt balmy, the sun was bright and warm, and birds were singing to welcome returning life and growth. The bosom of the Seine, still and placid, unruffled by the slightest breeze, reflected a picturesque image of the shattered arches of the bridge upon the surface of its waters; numerous tall chimneys in the capital were rolling out great clouds of smoke, as though industry was in full swing. The scene was very charming—so full of hope, life, and peace. The sweet spring time, with its returning life; the vivifying rays of the great dispenser of heat and light, gathering strength then day by day; the song of the bird, and the bursting of each blade and bud, seemed emblematical of fresh vigour and new life to the nation which had just issued from such a long, dreary winter of suffering and woe. Who would have then thought that 'the end was not yet,' but that darker scenes had yet to come!

Valerien is a five-sided fortress. The lines of the pentagon are, on the side nearest Paris, about 400 metres long, on the opposite front they measure only 350. The contour of these lines is, as is the case also at Issy, drawn on the French bastion-trace, and they were armed with 24, 12, and 6-pounder bronze muzzle-loading guns. Within a circle having a radius of about half a mile from the fort as a centre, the ground rises in gentle slopes. It is devoted principally to the culture of the vine, and is of a bare and uninteresting character. Within the bastion-trace the gradient becomes much more steep, and the land rises rapidly to a height of about 400 feet, forming a steep hill, having an artificially levelled top, on which are erected partially case-mated barracks for the accommodation of troops, bomb-proof magazines for ammunition, officers' quarters, commandant's house, chapel, and numerous other buildings. On this flat summit is also erected a battery, armed with the heaviest iron naval guns in the possession of the French. These are breech-loading pieces, and two of them measure 16 centimetres in diameter of bore. Raised above its fellows, on a 'cavalier,' or mound of earth, protected by gabions, sand-bags, barrels filled with clay, &c., is placed a huge breech-loading piece of ordnance. Fixed on each side of the wrought-iron carriage are two davits, or cranes, fitted with tackles, whereby the muzzle can be hove up or lowered, in order to depress or elevate the gun. So unwieldy is this gigantic weapon that without the assistance of some such mechanical contrivance it would have been impossible to alter the angle at which the gun was originally fixed. This cannon measures 25 centimetres in diameter of bore, and is the one which threw a bolt about 75 centimetres in length right across the Seine on to the slope below the terrace at St. Germain, thereby scattering the crowd of idle sight-seers congregated there, and interfering considerably with the digestion of the peaceful

diners in the hospitable salons of the Pavilion Henry IV. Below this monster are the other two breech-loading iron guns of 19 centimetres calibre, which fired on Bougival and Ville St. Cloud; while on either side of them the batteries are filled up with eight muzzle-loading marine guns, of 16 centimetres bore. Half way up the slope, between the ordinary bastions and the heavy naval battery, and on the southern face of the hill, was a tier of guns, principally 24-pounders, throwing a long conical shot of 56 lbs. in weight. Most of these were directed against Sévres, Montretout, and Ville d'Avray. On this level also a splinter-proof battery was in course of construction; the uprights had been fixed, but the work would seem to have been suddenly interrupted, as there were no preparations visible for completing the frame, or mounting guns. The guns were all mounted *en barbette*, and many of them placed on fronts and faces unprovided with embrasures, had been simply fired over the edge of the parapet. Some of these guns have been elevated to such an angle that it was found necessary to depress the trails into holes dug in the earth for that purpose.

Besides the defences of the principal fort, two outlying earthworks or redoubts had been thrown up during the siege; one in the direction of Rueil, and at a considerable distance from the main work, with which it is connected by traverses. This is the redoubt well known under the name of the 'Windmill battery,' which was very active in its attentions to the fourth corps during the sortie of the 21st. No siege guns had been mounted in it. It was armed for the occasion with field artillery only. The other outwork is thrown out upon the southern, or, more properly speaking, the south-western side. It was armed with heavy guns, and was very active at one time. It was this battery which shelled the Landwehr officers out of their comfortable, quiet quarters near Marly, and from the audacious mouth of one of its guns was thrown the shell which fell not far from the aqueduct of Marly, having been, it is supposed, aimed at a distinguished group who were surveying the scene from the secure elevation afforded by that building. At Valerien or at Issy the French appeared to have wasted their time, and thrown away their opportunities sadly; scarcely any preparation had been made for a bombardment. No proper measures had been taken to provide even proper sleeping places for the men, and the bastion fronts and batteries were very much exposed.

The homeward route lay through St. Cloud. St. Cloud once contained in itself all the evidences of what we consider a highly civilised phase of existence. Inhabited by men whose delight it was to gather up all that wealth, industry, and artistic skill could produce, its houses were patterns of ornamental science and art. And what has been the net result of this? What is the appearance of the place now? Rows of skeleton

houses, bare blackened walls, charred rafters, and deserted hearths, show how quickly man can destroy what man has toiled and striven to set up. Could we but comprehend the misery that is represented by these outward signs, and trace to the end the story connected with each shattered dwelling and each nameless grave, we might well cry in despair, How can these things be? Where is the Providence that allows the innocent to suffer for faults or ignorances they were powerless to control?

The road from here passed through the Park, where the scene, equally desolate, became in its bareness almost grotesque. The chateau stood a black, fire-riven wreck, looking strangely out of place with the still neat, though neglected, contour of the orange trees and clipped yews. The contrast was rendered still more bizarre by the appearance of the statues, which did not seem to have shared in the universal grief. Venus, with mock modesty, was still calling attention to her half-hidden charms. Fauns were dancing, satyrs grinning, and gentlemen with nothing on, still complacently playing quoits. These figures were so utterly at variance with the scene, and in their action, attitudes, and occupations reflected such a bitter moral, such a biting sarcasm, upon the lives, thoughts, and feelings of the men around them, that had I wished to write an essay upon the mutability of human affairs, I should have sat down there for my inspiration beneath one of the shell-struck chestnuts in the park of St. Cloud.

Except, perhaps, to the technical eye of a military engineer, there is but little difference in the form and appearance of the other forts on the western and south-western side of Paris. The nature of the ground has, of course, determined the plan of the work. Vanvres, for instance, is quadrilateral, as is also Montrouge. All are on the principle of the French bastion-trace. Vanvres was armed with five 30 lb. rifled marine guns, six 24 lb. and six 12 lb. rifled siege guns, eleven smooth-bore 16 lb., and 8 smooth-bore 12 lb. Besides these, there were in the work, five howitzers of 22 centimetres in diameter of bore, and four of 16; also, eight mortars of 27 centimetres, and one of 22. The bomb-proofs and magazines were well constructed, but the heavy fire this fort was subjected to had cracked it on both sides, so that daylight could be seen through and through.

Vanvres is somewhat singularly situated. It lies a little to the rear of a straight line drawn from Issy to Montrouge, and therefore connects these forts like a curtain between two bastions. It is impregnable as long as Issy and Montrouge are held; but an enemy once in possession of those works, it would be untenable, and a terrible fire could be opened from it upon the city. It was, therefore, a position of great importance to both besiegers and besieged. Montrouge was armed with ten 30 lb., five 24 lb., and six 12 lb. rifled marine guns, and nine howitzers, three

of 22 centimetres diameter of bore, and six of 16. There were also in its defences ten mortars, three of 27, three of 20, and four of 15 centimetres diameter respectively. Besides these, there were, in the centre of the work, one 12 lb. rifled marine gun, four 4 lb. rifled-cannon field artillery, and six 12 lb. smooth-bore guns, together with five mortars of 16 centimetres in bore. No fort on the south-west side sustained a heavier fire than did Montrouge; but although several times reported as silenced, it managed always to re-open fire, and succumbed at last only when the general scheme of defence was abandoned.

So much for Valerien, Issy, Vanvres, and Montrouge. To the north of the first-named fort lie the Fort de l'Est and the Double Couronne du Nord, the latter of which is rather peculiar in its shape. It is a work with an open gorge, skirted by a road. Its outer front presents to an enemy three bastions, with intervening curtains, the right and left flanks being further protected by irregular outworks. It was armed with seven 30 lb. rifled marine guns, three 24 lb. rifled siege guns, thirteen 12 lb. rifled siege guns, and twelve other pieces of various calibre. There were also five howitzers and four mortars.

The Fort de l'Est contained forty-one pieces of artillery; four rifled 30 lb., five 24 lb., and twelve 12 lb., nine 16 lb., and two 12 lb. smooth-bores, three howitzers of 22 centimetres, and six mortars, three of 27 and three of 22 centimetres diameter of bore.

Issy, Vanvres, and Montrouge were subjected to the fire of 126 24 lb. and twenty-four 12 lb. rifled cannon, from twenty-three German batteries, so that there were 150 German pieces against 110 French; the equilibrium was, however, to some extent restored by the superior weight of metal thrown by some of the latter. Two batteries of six 12 lb. each fired also upon the redoubt of Villejuif. On the north line of attack, the bombardment of La Briche, the Double Couronne, and the Fort de l'Est, was kept up by twelve German batteries, containing about 102 24 and 12-pounder rifled guns. In the last attack thirteen batteries, armed with, I believe, seventy-six cannon of the same calibre—namely, 24 and 12-pounders—fired upon Nogent, Rosny, Noisy, and other works behind Mount Avron.

There were also 160 pieces of artillery left in park at Villa Coublay, which had never been placed in position. It was from the guns operating against Issy and Montrouge that projectiles were directed against the enceinte and the city. Both these forts, as before mentioned, were badly knocked about, and bastions 68 and 73 of the enceinte especially; the latter received great damage. The railway viaduct immediately behind the bastions was shot through and through in many places, the barracks much injured, and the bomb-proofs for the protection of the men pierced, and in some instances completely destroyed.

To me, looking at these things as a mere amateur, and reviewing them through the haze of nearly twelve months' time, three facts appear worthy of remark : First. The strength of the French line of fortification was inverted, the strongest defences being nearest home, the weakest towards the enemy ; Secondly. The armament of the forts was insignificant, and the preparations for defence extremely small ; Thirdly. The means of offence on the part of the enemy were not commensurate with the undertaking they had in hand. On the third point I have not much to say, but I think it is evident that the weight of the metal used by the Germans was totally inadequate either to reduce the city by bombardment, or to render the forts untenable had proper precautions been taken for the protection of the men therein. The second case appears self-evident ; in scarcely one of the forts I have mentioned had proper shelter been afforded for the men, no splinter-proofs had been erected over the batteries, and the gunners were in all cases left so exposed that it was impossible for them to work their guns under the fire directed against them. With the exception of the three iron breech-loading pieces on the cavalier of Mount Valerien, no guns had been mounted worthy of the position in which they stood. Most of the batteries had been armed with old-fashioned 24 and 12-pounders, while in some of them nothing more powerful than field artillery had been placed. Had sufficient attention been paid to the security of the soldiers in question, and of the artillerists at their guns ; had, for instance, the summit of Valerien been crowned with a battery of heavy cannon in iron-plated casemates, or had any of the more modern defensive inventions been made use of, there can be but little doubt that the forts could have resisted the attack as long as a single ration of food remained. In this last respect, also, the French were most strangely remiss. Judging from the best sources of information, it seems certain that if all the food had been taken in hand by the Government at the commencement of the siege, and a proper system of rationing inaugurated and carried out, there would have been provision enough to have lasted well into the summer. This waste of food is one of the curious facts in the war which, perhaps, future historians will explain. The whole siege, indeed, abounds in anomalies ; an immense force of armed men were kept in check in a fortified city by less than half their number, extended around them in a circle, having a circumference of twenty or thirty miles. The greatest military nation of the world neglected to arm the defences of its capital in a proper manner, and apparently made no effort to better its condition during a siege of four months. I have said that the strength of the French fortifications was inverted ; the barricades within the city were better executed and far more solidly constructed than the extemporary earthworks thrown up in the neighbourhood of the forts. The enceinte

also was in better order than the forts, the casemates and bomb-proofs stronger, and the comfort and security of the men more carefully considered, and it was difficult to avoid the conclusion that in planning the defences of Paris more thought had been bestowed upon a possible enemy attacking from within the city than to a foreign foe advancing from without.

I have spoken much of the monotony of life at Versailles, because from a mistaken notion on the part of the public, that campaigns and sieges consist of continually recurring sensation scenes : a great deal of mischief is likely to ensue. Incidents of thrilling interest do fall beneath the observation of an individual, but they are, comparatively speaking, few and far between. War is very dramatic, taken as a whole, but the experience of one man is, or ought to be, limited to what he sees, or to the consideration of that which to the best of his ability he believes to be true, and it is impossible for one man, without drawing largely upon his imagination, to be continually supplying exciting details of interesting events. What are men to do, whose success depends on their sending off day by day, picturesque descriptions, and vivid delineations of warlike scenes, when in reality their surroundings may for weeks together be as peaceable and devoid of interest, as though they were dwelling in some quiet country town? Are they to stifle the imaginations of a clever brain, and confine themselves to actual dull facts; or are they to fill in gaps as best they may, by drawing upon past experience or fancy? There is a story of a French author, who requested an eye witness to describe a battle, in order that he might write an account of it. His informant began to say, that the nature of the ground was hilly, and that the enemy was posted in such a position, and their troops on the opposite side; 'Stop,' said this gifted writer, 'that is sufficient'—and in a short time his facile pen had drawn a highly coloured and thrilling picture of the engagement; interesting to read, no doubt, but of almost as much value in history as the last chapter of a sensation novel.

The way that history is made has become a proverb, and it is a trite saying to remark upon the difficulty of obtaining a strictly true account of even ordinary circumstances. It has been said, and it should be truly said, that the labours of a correspondent who writes contemporaneous history, should materially lessen the difficulties in the way of sifting truth from error. The good that can be done by the trustworthy reports of an eye-witness is only equalled by the evil that must arise from exaggeration or false statements; circumstances continually occur where the evidence of an impartial witness is invaluable—for instance, was it not only after the retreat of Von der Tann from Orleans that General Aurelles de Paladine advance immediately upon the capital, through

the gap that was left open to him? In such a case as this, future historians must gather their material on the subject from various persons, all interested one side or the other, but if they could refer to the account of some unprejudiced spectator of the event, they would probably be enabled to arrive at the truth and judge fairly of the conflicting evidence before them. But for such testimony to be valuable, it must spring from a source that cannot be questioned.

I look upon it therefore as a very great evil that the public should expect from war correspondents, a never-failing supply of interesting letters, full of ghostly horrors or picturesque scenes, and resonant with the din of battle and the roar of guns, never taking into consideration whether in the circumstances in which they are placed, they can do so without falling back upon the using of that ancient weapon the long bow.

The remedy lies with three classes,—with the correspondents, with the proprietors of the newspapers, and with the public. The correspondents cannot, perhaps, do much, they are servants; and as such have to obey orders, but they can maintain among themselves a very high standard of reliability, and to look upon exaggeration or mis-statement for the sake of effect as a most unworthy act. The proprietors, as long as they look for large and immediate profits, are in a situation of difficulty, they must administer food sufficiently highly spiced to suit the popular taste. And is not our taste becoming rather morbid? Are we not copying too much from the Transatlantic press? I believe that most Americans will agree with me, that if some of the reliability upon which we pride ourselves so much, were transferred into the journals of their own country, it would tend to render that branch of literature both more trustworthy and more powerful. There is too much of the *tricks of trade* practiced in America, things distasteful are put in very small type, something likely to tickle the public fancy, in letters of an inch long. They strive too much after quick information, and obtain it so rapidly that in some instances I am aware of, events were mentioned years ago that have not yet occurred. I fear we are inclined to err in this respect in England also. The one practical improvement which proprietors can effect is to divide the work differently. A war staff should be organised purposely, all accounts should be sent to the war editor, and every man should be responsible, with his own name, for what he said. The correspondent should be looked to merely for statement of facts. The editor at home could pile up the agony, and write sensational letters from the accumulated statements received from the seat of war. In the event of a battle, an assault, or some other great event, the correspondent might indulge his powers in writing to any extent, but he should not be expected to supply the paper with two or three columns daily—this should

fall to the war editor at home, who could condense or amplify, as the case might require, the daily budget of news which he received from all points of the campaign. Whether, however, contemporaneous history is to be useful or not, must principally depend upon the public ; if they prefer gilt ginger-bread to solid food, and pay a higher price for it, they will certainly get the article, but must not be surprised if it disagrees ; if they like glitter and brilliancy better than facts, they will be misled, and will mislead others after them. But, however fond the public may be of satisfying the craving for excitement, they still prefer truth to error, and in the long run, no doubt, the most reliable paper will beat a more flashy but less trustworthy rival.

It must be distinctly understood that I am not now thinking of past wars, but speaking in anticipation of the future. I am not referring to any individuals, or to anything that has occurred, but merely jotting down reflections that must strike any one who notices how the peculiar phase of journalism to which I refer has increased of late years. There is material for an interesting 'Essay on War Correspondence, from the Time of Julius Cæsar to the Present Day.' Society being less complicated in his time, the Roman general succeeded in beating his enemies, and writing an account of the transaction at the same time. In our day the offices of commander and correspondent not only are not combined, but are, for the most part, rather antagonistic to each other. Since the time of the campaign in the Crimea, whence we may date the commencement of war correspondence, the system has so largely expanded itself, that, not only all the principal London papers, but some provincial journals, and many American and continental publications, think themselves bound and entitled to send, not only one, but several specials to watch operations in the field. Hitherto they have depended almost entirely upon their own unaided efforts, and have got on the best they could, and picked up information without any authority or right to do so ; but what chance has a man living on sufferance with an army, without the possibility of investigating the truth of any rumour or enquiring the rights of any story he may hear, of furnishing anything worthy of the name of history. He cannot be accurate, and yet his words are often accepted as gospel truth. Now that their number has so largely increased, it will be necessary that the position of a correspondent should be clearly defined or understood. No military authorities can be expected to allow forty or fifty men, of whom they know nothing, a free passage in and out of their lines, and unrestricted access to their forces in the field ; much less can they be expected to afford them any assistance in the important matter of food and forage, or to grant them the convenience of using field posts and telegraph wires. It will, I think, become necessary for the press to enter into some sort of

association, whereby a number of journals can be supplied with information by one correspondent. The correspondence should be recognised by the authorities, and inspected on both sides ; as a concomitant he should be given every opportunity of obtaining good information, and should be held responsible if, by injurious writing, he betrayed anything to the enemy. He should therefore confine himself principally to facts, without indulging in too much speculation, or disclosing, if he knows them, the result of combinations going on at the time. The war correspondent holds a very responsible position, and one which will increase in importance as men become more anxious for further information. Perhaps the greatest difficulty he has to contend with in himself is to become perfectly impartial. I do not mean that he should not sympathise with the side to which he is attached, but that he should not be influenced by any preference for individuals. There is so much jealousy amongst equals in command, between inferiors and superiors, that an immense deal of mischief may be done by a correspondent allowing himself to be made a mouth-piece of any one man or party. It is for this reason that it is so important that he should be independent, and occupy a sure position. If through the kindness of friends he is enabled to accompany the force, how can he judge fairly of the actions of one on whom the very fact of his being present depends. Although not spoken, and perhaps unrealised, there still exists a sort of pact between them; the correspondent might be almost morally bound to give his protector a helping hand. The case depends on circumstances ; the nature of the war, the fact of your being with your own people or attached to a foreign army would precisely affect the case. This, I think, remains sure, that the correspondent should be a known, recognised, respectable agent, and that his province should be to chronicle passing events faithfully, and not to write picturesque letters, whether he has material for them or not.

TWO PICTURES.

I.

A FRAIL fair angel presence—she is kneeling
 Where the last lingering beams of dying day
 Through storied pane, dim aisle, and fretted ceiling,
 Float in a golden glory: cold and gray
 Looms the dark shrine beneath, but clasped above,
 Meeting the mellowed sun-shower, praying hands
 And a wild wealth of tresses; Death and Love,
 Brood o'er her—as yon shadows fleck the light,
 And both are mighty—but Grief's finger brands
 No lines that mar that sweet brow's earnest grace,
 Though pain burns there, and weakness wrestles might.
 On snowy neck bent upward to the skies,
 On parted lips the bright beams trembling flit,
 And o'er her sable vesture lustre stealeth
 Light there; but oh, no light of earth e'er lit
 The azure glory of those upturned eyes,
 The saintly splendours of that wasted face,
 Pale as the drooping Christ before whose throes
 And streaming brows and agonies she kneeleth.
 Wan with His wounds and wasted with His woes,
 Though that gashed side the finished strife revealeth.
 Day droopeth on drooped brow and upstrained arm,
 Heaven's gold still tangled with bleak earth's alloy,
 Wild passion shadowed on ethereal calm,
 And sorrow trembling into speechless joy.

TWO PICTURES.

II.

A proud, firm, queenly form, splendour and bloom,
 Youth and an insolent glory, burn and gleam
 Around her—grand, intolerable, intense—
 Through gorgeous glimmers of voluptuous gloom
 That fold her, while the fierce light's golden beam
 Threads the dim shade and flashes on the sense
 Pale brows, where dreams unutterable sleep,
 Hard eyes like diamonds, glittering cold and keen,
 Dark lashes with the proud imperial sweep,
 White drooping lids, so dazzlingly serene
 Beneath the wild magnificence that strays
 And winds and wantons o'er the queenly brow
 E'en to the snowy shoulder : white and warm
 Throbs the full throat, love-dinted even now,
 And full breasts heave where failing drap'ry betrays
 The lithe, smooth-rounded, undulating form
 Gauze-cinctured, yielding, languorous—the while
 One indolent hand adjusts the wreathèd hair,
 And one arrests the sliding robe for shame,
 But the red luscious lips too tremblingly close
 To hide the agonies that slumber where
 Hot Love too real mocks that proud cold smile
 And the frail vestures quiveringly declare
 We be but lightly clasped—her shuddering frame
 Struggles and pants for ruinous repose.

JOHN C. COLLINS.

THE COMING SESSION.

A SUCCESSION of years in which political questions of the gravest importance have been debated with peculiar acrimony has unused the nation to the prospect, so commonly presented throughout Lord Palmerston's last Administration, of a Parliamentary Session, offering, as it seems, no favourable ground for the hot strife of parties, and still less for the conflict of principles. Parliamentary Reform, Religious Equality in Ireland, the Tenure of Land, National Education, National Defence—all, as developed in Ministerial measures, excited enthusiastic partisanship, or aroused passionate antagonism. For the first three years of Mr. Gladstone's Premiership, the Prime Minister saw himself not only environed by an attached and faithful following, possessing a majority in the House of Commons, but what was a still firmer assurance, backed by a nation reposing implicit faith in his statesmanship, his honesty, and his earnestness. By a series of misfortunes and mistakes this faith has been sorely tried. Many there are now—once counted among the truest of the Liberals—who have ceased to believe in Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship; some there are who even doubt his earnestness and his honesty. There is no longer that fervour of allegiance to a leader who is expected to carry forward unflinchingly the banner of the party of progress. There is no longer the settled resolution to march after the chief because it is certain that he will never halt nor turn back. In the Liberal camp one sees there is nothing but disunion and recrimination, while the Opposition, for the first time since Sir Robert Peel's surrender of Protection, appears to be closing its ranks, under the generalship of a cool, cautious, and eminently Conservative statesman. The coincidence of Mr. Gladstone's manifold misfortunes with Lord Derby's proclamation of the new Tory policy, appears to indicate a coming battle of parties, under conditions very different from those which have been witnessed in Parliament for nearly thirty years. The one camp is broken up into half-a-dozen bitterly hostile factions; the old Whigs who, from the seclusion of Brooks', emit their jeremiads against the rattling pace at which they are being dragged along by our revolutionary Premier, the economists who

have constituted themselves the executors of Mr. Cobden's political testament, the Nonconformists who are enraged at Mr. Forster's coquetry with the Church, the Churchmen who are wrathful at the abolition of their monopoly in the Universities, the Irish Nationalists who are crying out for 'Home Rule,' and the Irish Catholic priesthood who have advanced the most extravagant and impracticable demands for the control of education, are one and all in a rage against a Government which three years ago united their suffrages. It is not easy to see how a general disbanding of the party is to be avoided. On the other hand, the discipline of the Tories is better than it ever was, though the feeble attempt of poor Mr. Scott Russell to organise an alliance between that party and the proletariat has ended in the discomfiture of the projector and the disappointment of those who believed in him. Under Lord Derby, who plainly is destined to succeed Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the Conservatives, and whose accession cannot, considering the failing powers of the brilliant author of 'Lothair,' be very distant, the Tories have taken their stand on a policy, narrow, but safe enough, commending itself peculiarly to the appreciation of the English mind, and consistent with sound economical principles. It will not dazzle the nation, but it will attract much steady, thoughtful, earnest support, and unless Liberal statesmanship can devise a rival policy equally safe, and at the same time more inspiring, this generation may witness a Conservative reaction more enduring, because more real and deep-seated, than that which placed Sir Robert Peel in power in 1841.

In confronting Parliament, then, in the second week of the present month, Mr. Gladstone will have to address himself to a task of great difficulty and complexity. He will have not only to frame a new policy for his party, but to create the material for the structure. It is by no means sufficient in politics to draw up in the seclusion of a library, or even to string together in a Cabinet Council, a number of legislative projects in themselves more or less excellent. If the policy thus concocted does not appeal to the imaginations of the people, or thoroughly satisfy their reason, it will fail, and bring down in its fall the Ministry who relies upon it. It is, however, very doubtful whether any of the schemes which—it is known or suspected—the Government have on the anvil, appeal in an effective way either to the popular reason or to the popular imagination. It is a long time before a people so characteristically slow-witted as the English, get to the thorough comprehension of a political idea. All the great questions which have been settled within the past five years had been discussed incessantly for a quarter of a century or more; but of those that now remain, and are pressing for solution, the mass of the nation has yet to learn the very alphabet. Sanitary

reform, for instance, is incomparably the most important of all the subjects that can engage the attention of Ministers, and lately the public outside are growing to a certain vague perception of its necessity. But there is no precise knowledge as to its limits, as to the combination of the powers that are to carry it out, as to the inroads it will unavoidably make on vested interests and individual liberty. There is no consensus as to the means, though all profess to consider sanitary reform as an end on every account desirable; but in this vagueness of the popular mind, a Conservative opposition to any large scheme—an opposition very distinctly shadowed forth in Lord Derby's Liverpool speech—might easily be triumphant. Again, the licensing question is full of difficulties, when once we quit the plain, bare, and utterly impracticable ground on which the United Kingdom Alliance takes its stand. Everybody is anxious to check drunkenness, and nobody, except a handful of well-meaning, but altogether unpractical fanatics, desires to make the sale of drink penal. Between these two extremes there lie an infinite number of *vice medice*, any of which Mr. Gladstone may choose; but that he can carry the nation along any one of them with him, as he did in his campaign against that wretched Irish 'Upas-tree,' it would be vain to hope. Nor is law reform a subject about which the people are well instructed enough to be in earnest; it is felt that its settlement must, after all, be left to the lawyers themselves, and that accordingly the interference of laymen in the matter is not likely to be of much service. So far it seems that not one of the three main planks in Mr. Gladstone's platform, as far as we may venture to forecast it before the Speech from the Throne, is sufficiently understood by the people to elicit more than languid support, nor is any one of them capable of being embodied at present in a policy that will stand out and strike into the popular imagination. Mr. Gladstone, certainly, with his splendid rhetoric and his unequalled power of working himself into a state of passionate advocacy, may do much before the year is over to kindle the nation into an intelligent and enthusiastic sympathy with his projects; but the question is whether he can do so in time before the warring elements in his own party break out into open hostility, and shipwreck the Administration.

The ballot, it is true, will, no doubt, be established by law this year, as a part of the machinery of elections; but there is little enthusiasm for the ballot now-a-days, and Mr. Gladstone has discounted the credit of enacting the measure he battled against so long. If the Tories are wise they will do all in their power to expedite the passage through both Houses of Mr. Forster's Parliamentary Elections Bill, for many Liberals in and out of Parliament will be unwilling to have out their own quarrel with the Government till the long-expected political legacy of Grote and Molesworth is realised. Nor could the Tories, though they now recognise

the fact that they have little to fear from the ballot, go so far as to support it in office. It is not this measure, however, that will either make or mar the political fortunes of the Government.

Of more importance to the character of the Ministry will be Mr. Cardwell's scheme of military reorganisation. This is a debt of which the payment has once been evaded, and which can be deferred no longer. But Mr. Cardwell will find that his work of last year was easy compared with his present task. Construction is not so simple as destruction; and a mere Royal Warrant will not suffice to redeem the profuse promises on the faith of which the national assent was given to the abolition of purchase. Those promises are all remembered and recorded; and it will be the duty of the Secretary for War to carry them out. But here another difficulty arises. When those pledges were given, the country was in a hot fit; now it is unmistakably in the cold fit. Then there was an invasion panic, producing its crop of 'Battles of Dorking,' and the like; now the taxpayer is wincing under the burdens he professed a few months ago to be ready and even eager to bear, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Fawcett are listened to with approbation when they denounce the lavish and unnecessary expenditure on the Army Estimates. Mr. Cardwell will be sorely puzzled to repel the attacks of the Economists on the one hand, and those of the Militarists on the other. Yet he can thoroughly content neither the one nor the other. Except the officials whose business it is 'to keep a House, to make a House, and to cheer a Minister,' there will be few warm champions of his measures on either side of the Speaker's chair.

Mr. Goschen has not yet on his hands the reconstruction of the British Navy, unless indeed, as is quite possible, 'the torpedo question' should ripen in the coming Session; but he will have quite enough to do notwithstanding. The inquiry into the loss of the *Megara* has not only revealed the most scandalous negligence in those who sent the ill-fated vessel to sea; but has shown that the Admiralty, the department on which the efficiency of our 'first line of defence,' depends, is in an absolutely anarchical condition. The First Lord will have to defend his own conduct, and that of his subordinates in letting a rotten ship go to sea with some hundreds of British soldiers and sailors on board; he will also have to explain, if he can, how it came to pass that under Mr. Childers' rule, and under his, all responsibility, efficiency, and order were lost at the Admiralty. From Mr. Goschen, then, Mr. Gladstone cannot hope for much assistance in holding his party together. It will be enough if the First Lord can save himself from Parliamentary censure. The same thing may be said of Lord Hatherley, from whom nothing is to be looked for but a conscientiously sophistical defence of Sir Robert Collier's appointment. Indeed, the case of the *Megara*, and that of the late Attorney-

General's promotion, are the two most formidable stumbling-blocks that lie at the outset of the session in the way of the Government.

It will depend chiefly on the tenor of the Speech from the Throne whether or not advantage will be taken of one or other of these articles of charge against the Government to press a vote of censure on the House of Commons. The Opposition, though not desirous—as Lord Derby's Liverpool speech proved—to take office at present, would be willing enough to avail themselves of the aid of any malcontent Liberals to weaken the power of the Ministry. If any large section of the malcontents are offended by what they find, or by what they fail to find, in the Queen's Speech, they may be ready to join with the Tories in condemning the conduct of the Government in regard to the *Megara*, or in regard to Sir Robert Collier's appointment. And even Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity, we apprehend, will be tasked to concoct a Royal Speech which will please every section of his followers.

But it is possible that the Ministerial programme may, at the beginning of the Session, promise so fairly as to allay in some degree the present dissatisfaction. The unparalleled prosperity of the nation may allow Mr. Lowe to produce a budget laid down on the old lines, and not disfigured by unscientific crotchets. Still, it is scarcely conceivable that the Session can go far without some manifestation of decided antagonism between the various divisions of the Liberal party. If the subject of Local Taxation be raised, we shall see an open divergence—as Mr. Christopher Neville's address to the electors of North Notts indicates—between the Whigs and the Radicals. The Government must side with one or the other; if with the latter, as might be inferred from Mr. Goschen's abortive bill of last year, it is likely that Whigs and Tories together might make up a majority. Again, the Irish Catholic members will come up to Westminster supporting Cardinal Cullen's overbearing demand for the transfer of the control of education from the State to the priests, and threatening the Ministry with a secession to the Home Rule party if a Catholic University, and all the rest of the Marlborough Street programme, is not granted. If Government refuse—as it surely must—the tactics of independent opposition will be repeated; and Mr. Butt, with the rest of the Irish members, will go into the lobby against the Government whenever he gets a chance. If, on the other hand, concessions are granted, such as Mr. Chichester Fortescue would evidently make to his friends the priests, almost the whole of the Opposition would coalesce with the Nonconformist members, and with a large number of the old Whigs, in opposing the Ministerial policy. It is not easy to see what escape there is for the Government out of these quicksands.

The probabilities, therefore, appear to be that before the close of the Session, Mr. Gladstone's Government will be placed in a minority on

some important vote; yet it does not follow that at the commencement of the Session of 1873 we shall not still have Mr. Gladstone at the head of affairs. Of course, a Ministerial defeat on a Cabinet question would necessitate the resignation of Ministers, and the leader of the Opposition would be invited to form an Administration. If Mr. Gladstone were to resign on any question which had brought him into conflict with the Conservative section of his party—the people who write letters to the ‘Times,’ from Brooks—it is likely enough that his defeat would be taken advantage of by the Tories to recruit their ranks from the Whig malcontents; and in that case, in spite of Lord Derby’s unambitious language at Liverpool, the Opposition would doubtless accept the responsibilities of power. But in the more probable event of a Ministerial defeat on some ground which united irreconcilable adversaries, such as Tories and Radicals, or Tories and Catholics, for the moment, the policy of the Opposition would be different. The appointment of Sir Robert Collier, or the sending to sea of the *Megara*, might be condemned by the House of Commons, and yet very few of the Liberals voting in the majority would be prepared to pledge themselves to support a Tory Administration. Still more certainly would the Nonconformists—however willing to punish Mr. Gladstone for any concessions to the Ultramontane faction—decline to lend their aid towards maintaining Mr. Disraeli in place, with Mr. Gathorne Hardy as his lieutenant in the Lower House. In either of these cases, therefore, the leader of the Opposition—perhaps after negotiations with the Whigs, such as fell through in 1866—would announce that he had failed to form a Ministry, and Mr. Gladstone would come back to power, taking advantage, one may hope, of the interregnum to get rid of some of the Jonahs who now cumber the Ministerial vessel, and to get the round men out of the square holes. But a defeat never serves an Administration; and unless Mr. Gladstone is wise in time, he may be compelled to approach Parliament a year hence with a party still more disorganised than at present, with even a less popular policy, and with an Opposition in front of him ever growing stronger, bolder, and more impatient to get back to the right hand side of the Speaker.

A LIBERAL.

through streets crowded with fierce, cruel, bagged faces, ghastly with the frenzy of blind national revenge, and characteristic with the hate and the rapacity of a pitiless time. As they emerged from the prisons to enter the death cars, the victims were met by the public inspectors, male and female, who accompanied them throughout that long journey of agony, with brutal jibes, and taunts, and execrations, which only ceased as the critical moment watched gleefully the rapid falling of

AN EPISODE OF THE TERROR

Glückselig ist wer Liebe rein genießt,
Weil doch zuletzt das Grab so Lieb' als Hass verschliesst.'—GOETHE.

PRAIRIAL, year 2. The red fool fury of the Seine was at its height. It was the time which stands distinct in human history as the Reign of Terror. French demoniac frenzy revelled in its saturnalia of vengeance.

The eighteen prisons of Paris were choked with more than twelve thousand prisoners. Since May no account had been kept of the number guillotined. Indictments had ceased to have so much as plausibility. Denunciation was death. Fouquier-Tinville sat in permanence. He snatched his meals at the table on which he signed the sentences of death; he slept upon a mattress in the revolutionary tribunal; he allowed himself no rest; he kept blank indictments ready, which were afterwards filled up with names. He sentenced in batches, the *Fournées* of the Revolution. His mind, he said, was so troubled with horror, that it seemed to him, as it had seemed to Danton, that the Seine rolled in blood.

Indefatigable as he was, Fouquier-Tinville alone could not overtake his work. The decree of the twenty-second prairial, which gave extension to the law of the Suspect, rendered necessary the creation of four similar revolutionary tribunals, each to have its own president, all to labour at once, without formalities, and so to execute satisfactorily the vengeance of the Republic. Fouquier-Tinville's scheme of a guillotine of improved velocity, to work under cover in an apartment adjoining the tribunal itself, was not approved, as the Committee of Public Safety desired to awaken the jaded feeling of the people by the imposing spectacle of one hundred and fifty heads falling daily and in public.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the Place de la Revolution sickened at the frequency of the executions; and the guillotine was ultimately shifted to the suburbs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau, in order that those quarters might enjoy a sight so dear to a virtuous and republican people. Daily the death-tumbrils rolled

through streets crowded with fierce, cruel, haggard faces, fiendish with the frenzy of blind national revenge, and characteristic with the hate and the suspicion of a pitiless time. As they emerged from the prisons to enter the death carts, the victims were met by the public insulters, male and female, who accompanied them throughout that long journey of agony with brutal jibes, and taunts, and execrations, which only ceased as the critical *tricoteuses* watched gleefully the rapid falling of Sanson's fatal axe.

In the city of terror the accursed *Mouton* pursued his trade of informer and of denouncer of aristocrats. In the prisons the same creature, disguised as a prisoner, acted as spy, and detected real or denounced pretended plots in the prison. Neither age or sex, nor infancy, nor innocence escaped accusation, and accusation meant almost certain death. Some suffered for being rich, others for being poor; one died for an opinion, another for his silence; some suffered for not having adored Marat, others for having regretted the Girondins. Life was wholly insecure. In revolutions, as Danton said when he fell before Robespierre, victory remains with the most wicked; and never, since man swayed power on earth, was there a more cruel or more wicked time—short-lived as such wickedness necessarily was—than the month of Prairial, in the year 2 of the French Republic, during the Revolution's awful reign of Terror.

In the department of the Loire Inférieure, in the country not very many miles from the city of Nantes, the family of De Rougeville had for very many generations inhabited their fine old chateau. The cadets of the house invariably entered the army. The family belonged to that class of the French provincial nobility which lived upon its estates, and was generally beloved in its own neighbourhood. Not far from the De Rougeville's lived the family of the old Counts La Roque, and the two houses had long lived upon a footing of intimacy which had been cemented by intermarriage. During the sadness and the terror of the revolution, Victor De Rougeville, the heir of his house, married Lucile, the only daughter of the Count La Roque. Theirs had been a long boy and girl love, dating from childhood, and deepening with time. When Lucile's father died, M. De Rougeville hastened to give to the woman he loved, and who was left unprotected, the shelter of his name and home. Lucile was the most beautiful girl in the province, and was ardent, gentle, and pure. The young lovers were tenderly attached, but the troubles which deepened and darkened round the French *noblesse* did not fail to affect M. and Madame de Rougeville, whose sympathies were naturally with royalty and with their order, and who had relatives and friends in the camp of the emigration. They continued to live upon their estate until the arrival in Nantes of Representative Carrier, with

his 'Company of Marat,' and his portable guillotine, in 1793. In spite of their local popularity, the De Rougevilles were soon denounced to the butcher Carrier as aristocrats and enemies of the people. Victor, however, received from a friendly hand timely notice of his danger, and he had just time to save the lives of his wife and himself by a precipitate flight in disguise. He was proscribed, and his estates confiscated by Carrier.

It was, however, too dangerous for a couple so ostensibly aristocratic to remain together. The whole country was one spy, and pity for, or fidelity to, aristocrats were rare. With many tears Victor and Lucile separated. He found at first a temporary shelter with a small farmer, who to old feudal loyalty added a strong personal attachment to the descendant of an ancient house; but Victor dared not remain long in the neighbourhood of Nantes, and was soon compelled to fly, after a narrow escape from detection and arrest. The whole air was tainted with suspicion, and every footfall was a step taken in danger. Under various disguises, M. De Rougeville frequently changed his place of residence. Sometimes he met with sympathy and shelter, but his life was lonely, harassed, and hunted. Lucile succeeded in reaching Paris, and there found a refuge amongst friends and connections of the aristocratic colony of the Faubourg St. Germain. While there, she gave birth to a daughter, who, however, lived but a few hours. M. De Rougeville did not dare to come to Paris. Apart from his own risk, he feared to increase the danger of detection for his wife. Correspondence between them was hazardous and uncertain. It had to be carried on under feigned names, and their letters were carefully worded to avoid suspicion; but still husband and wife did manage to communicate with each other, though rarely and at long intervals, and Victor was hiding in Rouen when he received the news of the birth and death of his first child, and heard of the illness, and then of the recovery, of the dear wife from whom he was separated so hopelessly and sadly. It was a terrible time of suspense and sorrow. Each weary day broke in doubt and dragged on in danger. Detection and denunciation might come at any moment, and an aristocrat in the 'Terror' lived and moved with life attended ever by the spectres of the dungeon and the guillotine.

In one dreadful night the whole Royalist colony of the Faubourg St. Germain, comprising three hundred families, was seized, and its members were distributed among the eighteen prisons of Paris. Once more Madame De Rougeville escaped. A poor woman, to whom the kindly lady had shown some kindness, succeeded in hiding her benefactress until the search was over. Madame De Rougeville then found an asylum in that obscure quarter of Paris which is shaded by the towers of St. Sulpice. There, in the Rue Servandoni, a poor widow, one Madame

Vernet, gladly sheltered the unfortunate. But Madame De Rougeville was still in danger. Her beauty and fine manners marked her unmistakably as aristocrat. She seldom went out. Living in an attic, the gentle lady descended to take her repast, as a guest, at the table of her hostess. Unfortunately, a Montagnard, a member of the Convention, whom Madame Vernet dared not refuse as a lodger, came to live in the house. At first he was discreet and generous. Whatever he might suspect, he affected to notice nothing, and the first fears of Madame Vernet and of Madame De Rougeville were allayed. Soon, however, he became attracted by the great beauty of the fair inmate. He sought opportunities of meeting her on the staircase, or of speaking to her in Madame Vernet's room.

At length he declared a passion for the fair and sorrowful young wife. He was a man who had swallowed all formulas, and was superior to any prejudice. Marriage he regarded as an enslaving superstition which had been exploded by the Goddess of Reason; and he proposed to Madame De Rougeville the enlightened and ecstatic position of his mistress. Meeting with a repulse, as decided as the poor hunted lady dared to make it—for it was not a light thing during the 'Terror' for an aristocrat to offend a Montagnard member of the Convention—he commenced a persecution which was designed to convince her reason while it inflamed her passions.

He insisted upon lending her Hébert's obscene and sanguinary 'Père Duchesne.' He redoubled his attentions, and declaimed more vehemently in support of his theories. Appeals to his generosity were naturally futile. In terror for her own life, and still more for that of her husband, the wretched lady temporised while seeking to avoid her ruthless wooer; or when it was impossible to escape a meeting, endeavoured to move his compassion or to stir his sense of honour. She dared not fly, for she knew of no other refuge in Paris. All her efforts to soften the Montagnard were vain, and she lived for some time a life of terror and of misery; until at length her fierce admirer, weary of what he regarded as silly scruples, pressed his attentions so brutally that the outraged wife was driven to desperation, and repulsed the Montagnard with a trembling passion of hatred and of scorn. Thus baffled, the feeling of the terrible lover changed from the desire of obtaining a beautiful woman into a sullen and implacable malignity. He seemed to desist from his importunities, and the two women hoped and believed that the danger was past; but, though he hesitated himself to denounce and to sacrifice a woman so friendless, so gentle, and so fair, he soon and easily found means—means easily discoverable in Prairial year 2—to render his victim amenable to Couthon's famous decree for the extension of the Law of the Suspect.

In the neighbourhood of the Rue Servandoni lived a concierge who was one of the *Moutons* of Robespierre, while his wife was one of the *tricoteuses* of the guillotine. The Montagnard took steps to draw the attention of the *tricoteuse* to Madame De Rougeville, when that lady took one of her rare evening walks. Madame De Rougeville wore none of the exterior signs of patriotism, which, either from sympathy with, or in dread of, the Revolution, were so generally adopted by the women of Paris during the 'Terror.' The Montagnard, himself unseen, jestingly pointed out to the *tricoteuse* a young lady who did not look like a good patriot, and then took his leave. His work was done. The instinct of the fury of the Revolution detected an aristocrat in the quiet lady who, accompanied by Madame Vernet, was walking timidly along the terror-laden streets. The *tricoteuse* confronted, and stopped abruptly opposite the poor lady, who shrank before the fierce and baleful eyes out of which glared hatred and suspicion.

'Ho! ho! my pretty citizeness,' began the woman of the Revolution, in a loud raucous voice, 'Have you been to-day at the Place de la Revolution? A fine sight for a true patriot! Jourdan Coup-tête sent fifty-four heads of the accursed aristocrats to *eternuer dans le sac*. A fine sight. There was one fellow so old that he could hardly crawl up the steps, and the headsman had to carry him. He was a marquis once—ha! ha! There was a lad of twelve, who wanted no razor but the national one. One young fellow was very brave and handsome. His turn came last, and he had almost as fine a sight as we had. You were not there? And you wear no cockade—no sash? H'm. There were some young women, too, in the cart—young and pretty, like you, citizeness; for I promise you that I suspect you. You are no true patriot, I see. Well, well, your turn may come, pretty one! and we shall see how you will behave. Good night! Take care, citizeness! Aristocrate!'

During this sinister address, Madame De Rougeville leaned, trembling, upon her companion. She recoiled, at first in disgust, afterwards in terror, from the unsexed incarnation of the fiendish frenzy of French popular vengeance. The pale, fair face of the lady, beautiful in its sorrow and its fear, contrasted strongly with the sallow demoniac countenance of the *tricoteuse*, on which the working passions of hatred and of revenge had lined fierce furrows. Lucile's blue eyes, opened widely in astonishment and dread, were fixed intently on those dark evil eyes, in the blackness of which was mixed a tint of lurid redness which seemed to be engendered by much gazing upon blood. The nostrils of the woman of the guillotine were dilated as if they scented blood. Madame De Rougeville remained wholly silent until the *tricoteuse* ceased to speak. The last word, 'Aristocrate!' was hissed out in a menacing, fierce whisper; and then the eyes of the vengeance and the victim un-

locked themselves from their fixed and steady glance. The woman of the people strode rapidly away, and Lucile clung, with a shudder, to the arm of Madame Vernet, who, better than herself, realised the full extent of danger, possibly to both, but certainly to the lady that she had sheltered so long, and whom she loved so well. Their home seemed no longer a refuge, but the two women, terrified and depressed, stole silently back; and Madame De Rougeville, whose life was now distinctly threatened by a danger which might at any moment assume the ghastly reality of denunciation, felt for the first time the full horror of the 'Terror.'

The two or three following days were passed by Madame De Rougeville and by Madame Vernet in dreadful anxiety. Madame Vernet did not so much apprehend danger for herself, but felt certain that the lady to whom she became day by day more attached was in the greatest peril. Madame De Rougeville, who knew less of the system under which the suspected could be denounced, became somewhat reassured after three days had passed without disturbance.

On the night of the fourth day the arrest came. The two women were together in the room of Madame Vernet. The landlady was sewing, and Madame De Rougeville had been writing to her husband one of those letters which formed the consolation of their separation, when the emissaries of the Convention came. By the dim light of a candle the terrified women looked upon the dreaded death messengers. There were four, but they seemed to fill the little room. One, the leader, wore a cocked hat over the lank long hair which fell down on the high collar of his uniform coat. A tricolor sash surrounded his waist, and his sabre clanked as he moved. The others were common ruffians, carrying pikes and wearing the bonnet rouge. There was an awful silence for a moment, during which the women could almost hear the beating of their hearts, while the leader looked from the one to the other. He soon recognised his prey, and then his hoarse and husky voice broke the hush of silence: 'I come in the name of the Republic to arrest the Citoyenne De Rougeville, denounced to the Committee of Public Safety as a suspected person and an aristocrat.'

The two women clung to each other, weeping passionately. Madame Vernet implored, frantically, the mercy of the emissaries. Madame De Rougeville regained composure, and treated her captors with modest dignity. They allowed her to take with her a few necessaries, and Madame Vernet contrived to convey to her a small sum of money. As the women embraced for what Madame Vernet knew was the last time, Madame De Rougeville whispered, 'No word to Victor; send off my letter; he will know all soon enough. Do not let him endanger himself by coming to Paris.' The leader of the band cut short all further com-

munication, and Madame De Rougeville, caught at last in the actual death-mesh of the Revolution, passed out into the dark night with her terrible escort.

The Montagnard lodger was not at home when the arrest was made. When poor, distracted Madame Vernet told him, he seemed surprised. In answer to her prayers for his intercession, he replied coldly that 'The Republic must strike its enemies, and purge the earth of aristocrats and enemies of the virtuous people.'

Madame Vernet, notwithstanding Lucile's prohibition, at once wrote the news of his wife's arrest to M. De Rougeville. She enclosed Lucile's letter, and sent both off to the husband, addressed to him, under his assumed name, at his place of concealment at Rouen. But it was uncertain when a letter might reach him, and Madame Vernet feared that he might receive it only when the wife of his youth and love should be no more. M. De Rougeville was himself proscribed, and his arrest meant his certain and speedy death. The kind-hearted shelterer of misfortune remained inconsolable, and tortured by doubt and sorrow.

Madame De Rougeville was at first imprisoned in the Abbaye, but was removed, after two or three days, to the Conciergerie. This gloomiest of prisons formed a subterranean edifice beneath the Palais de Justice of the Republic, which was the ancient Palace of St. Louis. Prisoners descended from the level and the light of day into the sombre vaults or the tomb-like prison. The wash of the Seine against its bridges, the rolling of carriages along the quay, the hollow thunder of the vast crowd which, during the day, thronged the tribunal of the upper floor—such were the sounds which echoed through the dim, damp darkness of the corridors and cells of the terrible Conciergerie. Massive pillars, low vaults, arches, quaint sculpture, cloistered passages, attested the Gothic origin of the old palace of feudalism. A row of rough oaken doors, fastening with iron bands, heavy locks, and massive bolts, opened into the cells of the prisoners, the floor of which descended three steps below the level of the passage. The stone of the corridors—dark grey, and cold—glistened with perpetual humidity. Some cells had behind them second cells, yet lower, darker, and more sepulchral. Small windows, blurred with heavy iron interwoven bars, borrowed from the level of the street a small square of air and of light. Amid the arcades of the cloister was a court, which formed the promenade of the prisoners; while one large, dark, bare room was used as their common day apartment. A tomb before death, the Conciergerie was but a fatal antechamber to the guillotine and the grave.

Young and fair, gently nurtured and tender, unhappy and alone, Madame De Rougeville found herself by night the solitary occupant of one of those terrible cells, while her days began to share the life of the

community of misfortune in the common apartment. Her innocence availed her nothing, except to intensify grief. It could not secure safety. She longed to communicate with her husband ; to, at least, see him once again before her death ; but she dared not expose him to the almost certain danger of a visit to Paris. Meanwhile the days rolled on. Life was a daily uncertainty ; but, day by day, as the turnkeys chalked on the doors a list of the morrow's *Fournée*, her name came not. The act of accusation seemed to linger. Each day brought a fresh crop of prisoners ; each day a batch left the prison for the Revolutionary Tribunal ; each day another batch passed through the wickets, amid the hoarse roar of the savage crowd, to the tumbrils and the scaffold. Friendships, and even courtships, sprang up in that strange common room. Human sociability became intensified by common misfortune. Some remained but a day in the Conciergerie ; others, apparently forgotten, lingered for uncertain periods. It was not, indeed, wished by the Committee that more than eighty should be executed in one day. Experience had shown that a larger number caused inconvenience to public business, nor could a virtuous Republic make unreasonable demands upon the time or the health of its executioners. Each day brought its agony of expectation as the list of the *fournées* arrived and were proclaimed ; each day brought its agony of certainty as the condemned left the prison.

Madame De Rougeville's gentleness and beauty soon gained for her a friend in the wife of the Concierge of the prison, Madame Bault ; and, through the kindness of her gaoler, she found means to write to Madame Vernet, who was still left unmolested in the Rue Servandoni. The Montagnard, who sacrificed Madame De Rougeville, saved Madame Vernet. The *Mouton* Jacques August-Tenth, was ordered not to denounce the shelterer of aristocrats, in whose house the Montagnard still lodged.

Meanwhile the death-mesh allured another victim. M. De Rougeville received the letter of Madame Vernet. He instantly started for Paris, determined to risk all to see his wife. One evening a man disguised as a patriot workman presented himself in the Rue Servandoni. It was M. De Rougeville. He learned that his wife still lived, and was in the Conciergerie, but Madame Vernet could not suggest any plan by which he could obtain an interview. Whilst they were speaking, the Montagnard returned. He appeared to take no notice of the workman, who, however, immediately left the house. The Montagnard shortly afterwards went out. M. De Rougeville, tortured with anxiety for his wife, walked about restlessly on the quays near the Palais de Justice, beneath which his Lucile, weeping in her lonely cell, was thinking of and praying for him. He touched the cold rough stones of the walls beneath which she lay immured. She thought him far away in Rouen ; she yearned for his presence, but gloried in his supposed safety, and wondered how

he would bear the news which any day might reach him. She had written him a letter of farewell, which she had entrusted to Madame Bault to be sent to her husband after her death. Little did she guess, as she looked upwards, through tear-blinded eyes, at the little square patch of dim night at the top of the cruel cell, that he—the husband of her youth and love—stood within a few feet of her, as unhappy for her as she was for him; stood there, not safe, but in as great—aye, in even greater danger than she herself was.

Though it was summer the night was wild, and the fitful wind was high. The clouds tore swiftly across the troubled sky. The moon occasionally shone for a moment through the hurrying cloud drift on the gleaming river and on the shadowy houses, and then again her light seemed snatched away. The fever in his blood, the agitation of his mind, rendered M. de Rougeville as restless as was the unquiet sky. He crossed the river, pausing upon the bridge to look upwards on the wind-scourged wrack. To him, as it did to Danton, the river seemed to flow in blood.

He had, however, a shelter to seek. Ignorant of any but of those parts of Paris in which his order had lived, this was to him a matter of difficulty. He entered a second-rate wine-shop, which combined with that trade the character of a small hôtel. Here he secured a room in his assumed character of workman. The hostess looked at him suspiciously, but granted his request. As he sat in the dingy, common room of the cabaret, trying to eat some supper, five or six rough, vile looking citizens of the true patriot type entered. They began playing cards and drinking brandy. Amid oaths, obscenities, and hideous blasphemies, they narrated, with horrible glee, the details of the trials and of the executions of the day. Presently they addressed M. De Rougeville. They invited him to join their game, and demanded of him sympathy with their sentiments. He tried to excuse himself—too politely for his assumed character. They insisted, and M. De Rougeville, naturally impetuous, and somewhat haughty and imperious in manner, declined positively to associate with them. Then ensued a sort of confused quarrel, a hubbub of talking voices, from one of which was heard the ominous word 'aristocrat,' while the shrill voice of the landlady expressed her suspicions. Then came a hurried scuffle, and an attempt to seize and search M. De Rougeville, who resisted desperately, as a person suspect to patriots. On him was found a small copy of Horace—a damning proof of want of patriotism; and amid the confusion, while the ruffians were binding their prisoner, a voice said quietly, 'Citizens, you have done well; your instincts have led you right. You have arrested M. De Rougeville, proscribed by the Republic at Nantes. He is royalist, aristocrat, traitor, enemy of the people. He is out of the law; he only needs identification. Bring him to the House of Detention. His

wife is in the Conciergerie, and their guilty heads shall fall together before the sovereign majesty of the people.'

The speaker was Jacques August-Tenth. The prisoner was triumphantly secured, and was rapidly borne away by his captors.

The next morning he was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The hoarse yells of the gallery condemned so palpable an aristocrat before the judge could complete his formalities. The accused bore himself proudly and firmly, and scornfully surveyed the raging mob. He was soon denounced, identified, sentenced. Death within four-and-twenty hours was the award of Fouquier-Tinville.

As the doomed man was escorted to the Conciergerie his mind revolved incessantly one terrible question. Could he, would it be possible to conceal his fate from Lucile, who could know nothing of his arrest? Should he have strength, even if he could succeed in concealing from her his condemnation, to pass to death, knowing that she was in the same prison, without speaking to her—without a last embrace, a last farewell? The question was idle; she seemed to be waiting for him, and saw him as he entered the gaol.

Victor and Lucile were thus re-united in the Conciergerie and in the shadow of death. He was but four-and-twenty, she but twenty years of age. His only crime consisted in belonging to an order into which he was born. Her pure and tender life had been one grace and benefit to every human being that had seen and known her. They were so noble and so young; they loved so fondly and so well; life, had it been granted to them, seemed to hold a prospect of so much happiness; and yet, enmeshed in the terrible entity which men called Revolution, they sat there, hand in hand, for the last day that they should ever pass together.

The other prisoners respected their great sorrow and greater love. One corner of the common room was left to the married lovers. They recalled the tender memories of their past love, they reminded each other of scenes and incidents in their youth and passion. Each was brave for the other. Lucile's only regret was that they could not die together. Victor hoped that she might yet be spared; she believed, and believed with joy, that she should soon follow.

That evening, as they were removed to their separate cells for the night—for his last night on earth—a note was put into the hand of Lucile. It was from the Montagnard. He offered, if she would marry him, to save her life. If she accepted, she was to send an answer that night. If no answer were then sent she should surely die. 'I offer life or death,' said the brief billet; 'but do not mistake me. I am not to be played with. If you do not accept, I give you as a sacrifice to the justice of the Republic.'

Lucile crumpled up the note and threw it from her into the darkness

of the cell. She hardly regarded that part which spoke of life ; but the prospect of near and certain death, of soon following Victor to Heaven, filled her with peace and joy. She felt certain that they could not be long divided.

Victor wished to spare Lucile the pang of the last parting on the fatal morrow. He induced Madame Bault to promise to leave his wife's cell locked until the tumbrils should have left the prison ; but the kind gaoler could not resist the young wife's tears and prayers, and there, in the early morning, in the long stone corridor below the grate of Victor's cell, stood Lucile. They could not see each other, but they could speak together. She could not quite reach his hand, which stretched out between the iron bars of the grate.

Soon the prison was all astir. Many were to die that morning. The tumbrils and the populace waited at the gate. The horsemen who were to escort the carts to the scaffold chatted and smoked their pipes. In the prison, gaolers and headsmen were busy. The arms of the condemned were bound, the long hair was shorn to the shortness required for the axe. As each cartful of condemned was ready, it was marched off into its tumbril ; and the terrible roar of the crowd, mingled with the shrill screams and laughter of the *insulteuses*, pierced into the prison whenever the wickets were opened to let out another batch. Victor was left to the last. As Sanson and his assistants approached the cell, a great heartbust of agony broke from poor Lucile. 'Husband ! love ! soon, soon we meet again !' The key of the executioner grated in the lock—a moment, and he would come forth. A blanched stupor of horror and of agony beyond human endurance, numbed all the senses of the fond young wife, and, in a merciful swoon, she fell heavily upon the stone pavement. 'Better so !' muttered Victor, as he pressed one long kiss upon the insensible pale lips, and then hurried on lest she should return to consciousness before he was gone. The door was opened, and a flood of light greyed into the long corridor and the dim prison. He ascended the steps to the street. The air blew fresh, and the light revived him. The crowd, the hootings and roars, nerved him and braced his soldier courage. For him the bitterness of death was past, and he rode onward to the scaffold, and passed out of life like a proud, brave man, for whom all dread has ended.

Some of her fellow-prisoners and Madame Bault tended poor Lucile through that most wretched day. When the list of the next day's accusation came, and she saw her name written on chalk upon the door of her cell, she became calm, and even happy. On that next day she was tried. Clad in white, with a black silk scarf crossed upon her bosom and fastened round her waist, her bright fair hair flowing loose to her girdle, her colour heightened and her eyes strangely radiant, she went,

in a sort of tremulous triumph, to the murder-bar of the Revolution. Never, since Madame Roland stood there, had the Tribunal seen such a vision. A murmur, of doubtful import—half revolutionary fury, half involuntary admiration—ran through the galleries. Amid all the crimes committed, O Liberty! in thy name, none could be greater than the sacrifice to popular demoniac fury of a woman so pure, so tender, and so innocent. She answered all questions modestly and laconically. Her soft, clear, feminine voice produced a kind of sympathy in the Court. Fouquier Tinville felt the sympathy, and, not unwilling to spare such a victim, suggested answers which might tend to save her. It appeared, too, that she had been anonymously denounced. But she repelled all efforts to let her escape. She not only accepted, but she desired death. Once, at a movement in the Court, she looked round, and then she saw the Montagnard, with a haggard pallor on his anxious sallow face. He held up a warning finger to caution her against the imprudence of her answers; but she persisted. She declared her wish to join her murdered husband; she avowed that she had loved the Queen; she admitted that she was an aristocrat. At the mention of the Queen, a hoarse ominous growl ran through the gallery. Sympathy with the 'Widow Capel' was fatal, and Fouquier Tinville felt that his chance of showing mercy was gone. Her doom was soon pronounced. As she left the Tribunal once more she murmured, 'O husband! love! soon, soon I come.' She entered the prison with a quick step. To the inquiries of those who crowded round, she answered with the usual sign of the uplifted finger. She seemed happy, even joyful. One night only divided her from Victor. She confessed to a Constitutional priest, who, in lay clothes, was tolerated in the Conciergerie. She refused the offer of Madame Bault to pass the night with her in her cell; she was happy, quite happy, she said, and should sleep well. To her youth, so full of life, death had no terror.

The next morning came. She seemed sublimed to a kind of rapture. She spoke little, but said a few kindly words to those who, weeping, bid her farewell. She gave her last ornament to Madame Bault, and submitted, with cheerful quiet, to have her long golden locks cut off, and her fair arms bound. Passing out of the wicket, she quailed for a moment under the insults of the women and the roar of the surging crowd. The *tricoteuse*, who had once threatened her, was there, mocking and jeering at the fair young creature who was beyond her power, because so glad to die.

The long agony of the transit through the brutal streets to the Place de la Revolution did not dismay her. She seemed lifted above the consciousness of surrounding things by an inner ecstasy which transcended the suffering of the hour. In the cart with her was an old man, very

ill and feeble. His arms being bound, he could not maintain his position, and the mob laughed loudly to see him fall and weep. Lucile sustained his white head upon her knees, and, forgetting herself, spoke to him words of comfort and of hope. A young noble, who had been her fellow prisoner, and who went to death gaily and defiantly, regarded her with undisguised admiration. Her fellow sufferers all looked to her for the inspiration of courage and of calm. The tumbrils reached the scaffold. She gazed for a second at the blade of the axe which, bright and sunny though the summer morning was, gleamed dull and cruel, dim with much shearing through necks, worn with much sharpening, and discoloured with dark stains of blood. She had arrived in the last of the tumbrils. Sanson usually beheaded women first; but she begged to be left to the last, in order that no other might have the pain of waiting so long and of witnessing so much horror. She said a few kindly words of farewell to each of her companions that left her to mount the steps of the guillotine; she comforted the old man to the last. All were gone, and after about an hour of waiting, her turn came. Murmuring 'Husband, husband, I come!' she rapidly ascended the steps. The heavy blade descended, the hard steel tore sharply through the white soft neck—and the wife had her wish and had rejoined her husband. The Revolution, as Vergniaud said, Saturn like, devoured its own children. The Montagnard denouncer went the common way. His fate had one feature of peculiar bitterness. He was executed on the ninth Thermidor, when Robespierre had fallen from power, and when, in consequence, the 'Terror' was at an end. As the tumbrils which contained its last *Fournées* rolled onwards to the Barrière du Trone, the people in the streets of Saint Antoine shouted to the condemned that Robespierre had fallen, and tried to save the last victims of his reign. The Montagnard made frantic efforts; he appealed passionately to the people for help, for life; he recited his services and his sufferings for the Revolution. It seemed for one moment—a moment of unspeakable anxiety to the Montagnard—that the mob would save the last death-batch of the 'Terror.' His maddened shrieks for life died away, stifled in the hoarseness of despair, as black Henriot, waving his sabre, and calling on the mounted escort, charged, and drove back the surging mob. Henriot succeeded in delivering to Sanson the tale of 70 heads, but the wretched Montagnard seemed more dead than alive as he was hurried up the steps of the guillotine. In that terrible instant, in which a gleam of hope for his life shone vainly upon the Montagnard, Lucile and Victor were perhaps avenged.

Jacques August-Tenth and his *tricoteuse* wife perished on Vendémiaire 13th, when Citizen Buonaparte, with a whiff of grape shot, blew the life out of the sansculottism of the Revolution, as it stood at bay, in its last effort against the counter-revolution, under Lepelletier, in the Church of St. Roch.

After Vendémiaire came a time in which the 'Terror' was execrated and its many victims mourned. At the *Bals à Victime* crape on the left arm was worn by many in sorrowing sympathy for the fate of Lucile and of Victor; and, reader, we too may mourn them still. They were the lesser natures for whom, even when most innocent, it is ever dangerous to come between the fell pass and incensed points of mighty opposites. They stood, in their helpless innocence, between the opponents in the terrible struggle that ensued when the long misrule of effete authority was supplanted by sanguinary French anarchy. They, with so many others, were victims of that great conflict; but the pathos of their fate is not on that account the less. They were caught up, and whirled round to death, in the maelstrom of the Revolution. Lucile was a rare and ideal woman; a woman with the balanced beauty of the equal soul and frame. How fair, how tender, and how good she was! Like Posthumus, her young husband seems to us ennobled by the high love of his wife. She makes him beautiful, as the moon hallows the earth. Beauty and courage, united by such tender love, pass, in the prime and glory of their radiant youth, to death, through the red frame of the hideous guillotine. Sorrow and suffering end there. Born in another, and a happier time, we had, perhaps, met them, joyous and joy-giving, as types of happiness and of charm; but, chancing to be placed in the mad, fever time of the Revolution, we see them in the stony grey of dungeons, and we part with them when Fate has led them to her fatal scaffold. And shall not we, too, O reader, mourn, if it be but for a moment, in these far-removed times, the sad and early deaths of these victims of the 'Terror?'

H. SCHUTZ-WILSON.

onwards to the *Barrière du Trône*, the people in the streets of Paris, and tried to save the last victims of his reign. The Montagnard made frantic efforts; he appealed passionately to the people for help, for life; he recited his services and his sufferings for the Revolution. It seemed for one moment—a moment of unspeakable anxiety to the Montagnard—that the mob would save the last death-batch of the 'Terror.' His mad-denied shrieks for life died away, stifled in the hoarseness of despair, as black Henriot, waving his sabre, and calling on the mounted escort, charged, and drove back the surging mob. Henriot succeeded in delivering to Sanson the tale of 70 heads, but the wretched Montagnard seemed more dead than alive as he was hurried up the steps of the guillotine. In that terrible instant, in which a gleam of hope for his life shone vainly upon the Montagnard, Lucile and Victor were perhaps avenged. Jacques August-Tenth and his wife were perished on Vendémiaire 13th, when Citizen Bonaparte, with a whiff of grape shot, blew the life out of the sans-culottism of the Revolution, as it stood at bay, in its last effort against the counter-revolution, under Lapellétier, in the Church of St. Roch.

CONVERSATION.

In spite of what the cynics teach,
Of all it hides and all it teaches,
We cannot well dispense with speech—

Excepting in the form of speeches!
Of all the varied gifts we use,
Speech is most varied in its uses;
Of all the powers we abuse,
Speech gets the most of the abuses!

How slowly Wisdom's words distil!
Yet, like a petrifying fountain,
They shrine decay in forms that will
Endure as long as sea and mountain!
While in the rush of words you find
The man who shows the most loquacity
Is sure to be the one whose mind
Is of the very least capacity.

The wise in all the lore of schools
Are solemn as their weighty pages;
And consequently silent fools
Are taken for sagacious sages.
Words may be very insincere—
Deeds best demonstrate who's sincerest;
And every one likes '*Faire sans dire*,
E'en from the fairest and the dearest!

Some people never care to try
To get at other people's knowledge;
They seem to think that Learning's 'dry,'
And ought to be confined to college!
For them the streams from Wisdom's spring
Disperse in unproductive vapours;
And nothing is in anything
That isn't in the daily papers!

How very seldom does a man
 Join properly in conversation !
 Each has a notion that he can
 GIVE, rather than GAIN, information.
 Some demon fancy, fact, or thought,
 Has of his mind the sole possession,
 And all beside he deems as nought
 But worthless sound and wrong impression.

SPONDEE is full of ancient lore
 As is of air an empty bottle,
 And certainly knows vastly more
 Than Plato did, or Aristotle.
 And yet his talk—for talk he can,
 Though mostly silent as a dummy—
 Is just what you'd expect from an
 Intelligent Egyptian mummy !

You can't persuade Professor FLAM,
 Of modern man's originality ;
 He says that Tennyson's a sham,
 And some old heathen the reality.
 In vain the modern muse may show
 Her Christabel—her Jack and *her* Gill—
 Some parallel he's sure to know
 In Homer, Æschylus, or Virgil.

Poor Doctor HOBBY has but one
 Idea his wise head to muddle ;
 Hydropathy—and that has run
 His brain to a perpetual puddle !
 You may begin with views profound
 On central suns, or Jephtha's daughter,
 He brings the conversation round
 To the importance of cold water !

COLON, whose flowing streams of thought
 Run into seas of mighty teachings,
 Can seldom guide his speech to aught,
 Save lengthy lecturings and preachings !
 Such men are very apt to wide
 Their arguments into verbosity ;
 And keep the talk *all* on one side,
 Like very Irish reciprocity !

What 'Noodle' says, he never knows,
 He speaks so often without thinking!—
 As difficult, you might suppose,
 To swallow water without drinking!
 Remind him of his words next day—
 That e'er he said them he can't credit!
 He never thought so!—that's his way—
 He did not think—he only said it!

That centenarian, old BROWN,
 In answer to the simplest query,
 Grounds his reply long ages down,
 And rambles on until you're weary.
 You ask the date of Jones's death;
 His answer he begins with Moses—
 Touches on Plutarch and Macbeth,
 And gives some notes on Roman noses;

Mentions a place in Northern Ind,
 Which cures the very worst diseases;
 And combats the idea that wind
 Can blow from any point it pleases.
 He gives the route that Cæsar went
 Through France—and then his own, and queries
 What profit he was charged per cent,
 In Paris, when he dined at Very's.

SIR VERDANT GREEN can never say
 Two sentences aright together;
 Can manage 'How d'ye do to-day?'
 And something *easy* on the weather.
 Then gazes round with vacant stare,
 As further conversation scorning;
 And starts at last with hasty air,
 Merely to wish you a 'Good morning!'

Then there's the man you sometimes see,
 Whose morbid brain is always running
 On jokes, where none are meant to be,
 And violent attempts at punning.
 No observation can be made,
 But he commences searching after
 Some joke, conundrum, or charade,
 Until it grows too sad for laughter.

Of course we never can embrace
 In these remarks those lovely ladies,
 Who lend society such grace,
 And talk like modern Sche'razades.
 But hearts are won by heart—not head;
 And if you'd rather love than pity,
 Be nice and natural, instead
 Of trying to be wise and witty!

In fine, if anyone must say
 His say, let it be no intrusion;
 Do it in private—that's the way
 To cause the very least confusion.
 Monopoly is quite gone out,
 In talk as well as other matters,
 And people who will always 'spout'
 Are taken to be 'mad as hatters'!

Speeches are made but to be read,
 For few can hear; but read them—many;
 And so the world learns what is said,
 By laying out a daily penny.
 We bless that man in private life
 Who writes—not talks—his lucubration;
 Who keeps his lectures for—his wife,
 But shares with friends his conversation!

CHARLES H. WARING.

A REAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

By AMELIA LEWIS.

II.

It is absolutely necessary that sound ideas on 'What is Education?' should underlie our future action in promoting it; the female sex, even more than the other, requires this rational course, since false direction will not only lead to waste of time, but to such a development as may leave the girl and woman less able to fulfil her future duties than if she had been merely allowed to take her chance and improve her general intelligence as best she could.

In female education we have to build upon a delicately woven organisation of natural emotion, the beauty of which is such that, truth to say, we have not yet quite comprehended its wonderful combinations. The creative idea, that the tenderest emotions shall lead to the propagation of the race, has never been sounded down to its depth, and the neglect of tracing creative intentions has allowed woman to be dealt with merely as subversive to man in strength, when her organisation is the higher of the two, though her power may be the less. The moment finer organisations in nature are neglected or ill-guided, they fall not only to decay, but often turn their tendrils into an opposite direction; their delicate fibre becoming an easy prey to mere force, they search for sustenance in the lower regions of human feelings, motives, and appetites. For man to even think of improvement, means, as a first step, to shield that more delicately formed *natural* companion of his from his *own* overbearing manner, and allow her freedom of expression without undue subversive influence. But little philosophical logic is taught in our schools, or man would long have perceived that the more he cherishes and expands those higher, tenderer faculties in woman, the better will she hold out to him her graceful hand, and become the strong natural support of his ruder nature.

If we have begun tracing an outline of female education by advocating first of all the complete acquisition of those means of intercommunica-

tion that are, as we say, the starting-points of human knowledge, we meant at once to establish a sound basis for our superstructure. But we do not mean a mere analytical knowledge of our tongue; on the contrary, we would rather place the analytical knowledge of languages behind their actual acquisition. Girls have more vivid imaginations, quicker receptive faculties than boys, and should from the first be guided to find food for them in the best adapted writings of their own mother tongue. To teach a girl grammar, or analytical forms of composition, and neglect the substance to which these forms apply, is putting a straight-waistcoat on the girl's mind, which must, first of all, have food to live on, and not only food, but the right food. For such purpose the mother, and later the teacher, should from the beginning of a girl's life repeat to her, by word of mouth first, both prose tales, descriptions, and poetic compositions, and later accustom her daily to read aloud portions of writings adapted to her growing capacity, and induce her to commit some to memory by reciting them *viva voce*. We have no hesitation in saying that all our authorship is nought if it does not become food for our minds, and our education paltry if we teach merely to dissect forms and forget to infuse the living spirit.

The knowledge of analytical forms, or grammar, is required to understand language, not to acquire it. How many children and young people become disgusted and fatigued with dissections of word-forms, before their young minds have ever been able to gather up sufficient material for employing them! We must, therefore, insist that the teaching of our own, or any other tongue, does *not* consist in learning its forms, but its substance; at the same time that the substance is acquired, the forms are easily learnt.

We should like to use the axiom of a great German doctor: 'The principal thing is to find out the seat of disease; it really matters very little afterwards what you use to cure it.'

At the same time that children and young people acquire language let them also learn to employ it. In many schools not the slightest provision is made for this phase, but all at once the pupil is asked to write an 'essay.' Write an essay! The most difficult of all composition, demanding concentration of ideas, logical deduction, and terse language to clothe them in. The poor girl stands there, horrified at her task; her mind has learnt facts, but no ideas; she may have written a halting letter to a friend, but never anything beyond it. Teach her from the first to give back the impressions she receives, by sentences, by short compositions of all kinds, and later by more expanded themes.

The education of a girl that is built on a sound knowledge of her own tongue will easily fall into any other grooves of knowledge to be acquired.

The second operation of mankind following upon mutual communi-

cation of ideas in either of the three ways mentioned, is computation of interests, or the science of numbers. Therefore, arithmetic is one of the principal branches of instruction. As, until now, woman has been thought incapable of logical methods of procedure in daily life, the manipulation of numbers has always appeared unsuited to her, and arithmetic has been a subject taught her in a most superficial and dry way. But numbers have a meaning; and arithmetic can be made one of the most agreeable and vivifying branches of teaching, *even* for girls—or, as we should say, *particularly* for girls. Notwithstanding all the immense mathematical genius in the English nation, the science of measures, either abstract or concrete, has not yet been so formed for beginners that it should stamp upon young people's memory not only methods for various arithmetical operations, but also open their minds to those ideas of comparison of interests which underlie all arithmetical processes. The importance of the study of numbers is as great for woman as for man. As provider for the family and dispenser of the family's income, it is absolutely necessary that a methodical association of notions should exist in woman's brain, and that a logical sequence (how much can be done with a certain amount of monetary means) should result therefrom. Paper arithmetic has been greatly pursued for girls in a most desultory manner, without combination or felicitous application; and mental arithmetic, which develops thought and straightens perceptive faculties, has altogether been left in the shade. To this form we would direct attention, and we would most particularly impress upon those who are inclined to give female education a higher impulse, that the old method of drawling through the four cardinal simple and compound rules, through some examples of practice, through a most desultory way of rule of three—by putting one number in a mysterious manner in one corner, and the others in opposite directions—and finally by attempting a few fractions—is not arithmetic. A great science is that same arithmetic, opening out to the girl's mind visions of reality that may lead her ultimately to comprehend those great operations of nature of which our earth-science is but a particle. While widening the mind, proper instruction of arithmetic forces upon a girls' attention the value of minutiae, the importance of operations by small sums, for which certain representative articles are to be obtained, and the fundamental notions that everything in life has a comparative representative monetary price.

Should it be desirable to introduce into a girl's education branches of mathematics, we would most emphatically say that these are utterly useless, unless they are founded on sound arithmetical and primary notions of number. A new movement for technical education for girls is setting in in Germany; but we are not here treating of superior education, or education applied to peculiar subjects of bread-winning;

but of one uniform general method for such instruction as will make every girl a rational, self-dependent being.

Suppose the old-fashioned three 'R's' have been attended to, as we might say—what other information would appear necessary for the training of a young girl? Before we go one step further, we wish to observe that whenever and wherever mental education begins, there must with it commence a course of exercises fitted to develop the strength and health of the body. Man is conservative in a general sense, because man is lazy, and though we know our remarks, the fruit of long study, observation, and experience, will be read, yet no one will much alter his or her system until some active and energetic mind takes up the cause and makes a start. Still, knowing that even an *earnest* magazine article may go the road of all flesh, we hope to make some little impression somewhere, and induce mothers to let their daughters' mental development go hand in hand with the acquisition of bodily strength. We say boldly that educational establishments fulfil but half their purpose if they do not include methods that will teach children how to use leisure time and enjoy recreation. It is, however, very difficult to speak of woman's education at all, as we cannot hope to have much influence on those ladies who have the middle-class girls' schools in hand, and many of whom are ambitious to heap up in the brains of their pupils an amount of irrelevant facts that kills their nervous strength. We halt here, as we are anxious in our next paper to give a regulated synopsis of subjects, and some plan which might, more than general remarks, lead to some definite results.

Should it be desirable to introduce into a girl's education branches of mathematics, we would most emphatically say that these are utterly useless unless they are founded on sound arithmetical and primary notions of number. A new movement for technical education for girls is setting in in Germany; but we are not here treating of superior education, or education applied to peculiar subjects of broad-winning; and the fundamental notions that everything in life has a comparative small sum, for which certain representative articles are to be obtained, a girl's attention the value of minutes, the importance of operations by While widening the mind, proper instruction of arithmetic forces upon great operations of nature of which our earth-science is but a particle. Visions of reality that may lead her ultimately to comprehend those great science is that same arithmetic opening out to the girl's mind—and finally by attempting a few fractions—is not arithmetic. A mysterious manner in one corner, and the others in opposite directions a most desultory way of rule of three—by putting one number in a simple and compound rules, through some examples of practice, through impulse, that the old method of drawing through

representative monetary price. Should it be desirable to introduce into a girl's education branches of mathematics, we would most emphatically say that these are utterly useless unless they are founded on sound arithmetical and primary notions of number. A new movement for technical education for girls is setting in in Germany; but we are not here treating of superior education, or education applied to peculiar subjects of broad-winning;

ANNIE AT THE THEATRE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

A FAIR and comely child,
Her widowed mother's dear,
That mother's only comfort,
A dark life's only cheer.

Bright eyes and winning smile,
Soft cheek and flowing hair—

No claim to classic beauty ;

But charms as rich are there.

A happy loving girl,

The joy of one poor hearth ;

With heart as pure and trustful

As any beats on earth.

Alas ! that trustful hearts

Should fall because they trust !

Alas ! that charms so homely

Should tempt man's heartless lust !

II.

Only a bundle of rags

That hide some human dust—

All that is left of a woman,

The victim of selfish lust.

Only a woman's form—

The tale so often told—

Her eye is fixed and glassy,

Her sunken cheek is cold !

A corpse in a heap of rags,

A saddening, sickening sight ;

A spirit gone to judgment—

Passed into endless night !

A corpse in a parish shroud,

Laid in a pauper's tomb.

If her's the sinner's sentence,

There's one will share her doom !

R. ANDERSON.

AT THE THEATRES.

THE announcement that Lord Lytton's 'Last Days of Pompeii' was about to be dramatised by John Oxenford, and produced at the Queen's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Ryder, created, not only among the general public, but also in theatrical circles, an almost unusual amount of excitement, which was much heightened, as the time approached for the appearance of the piece, by various rumours, which were naturally most contradictory. Little strings of artfully-conceived advertisements, inserted in every paper of note, had crowned public excitement; and on the opening night the house was crammed with a most eager audience, all in a state of 'great expectations.' How these expectations were realised I can barely state, as I did not go on that eventful evening; but on the next and following mornings the press were almost jubilant in their general condemnation of everything, to which a climax was put by a letter from the manager, who informed his readers that the well-known single step from the sublime to the ridiculous had been taken by himself and those connected with him—the sublimity reached, I am creditably informed, consisted of a tight-rope, which extended from one side of the stage to the other, and on which a certain Mr. Famous Christoff was to dance over the heads of a dinner-party represented in one of the scenes of the play. The ridiculous consisted of the fact that Mr. Famous Christoff danced but too well, and fell, to the great confusion of the guests, one of whom, with commendable anxiety, recommenced the conversation by the observation, 'What a wonderful man!' which, though no doubt in his part, was too much for the audience, who now became assured that the whole play was an elaborate burlesque of a new kind, and which had been so artfully prepared that no suspicion of its real character was aroused till this the second scene of the third act. There are those, however, that assert that, owing to the presence of certain celebrated spiritualists, the tightness had disappeared from the rope and entered Mr. Famous Christoff long before the performance commenced, which I will not, however, advance as my own opinion, because, as I do not keep a legal adviser on the premises, I am unable to know whether it is libellous or not.

Hearing that the piece had been condemned by the press, I waited a few nights in order that things might have been got into better order, and one evening, having dined with a friend at the Albion, we wended our way to Long Acre. Mr. Lionel Brough had possession of the house, and to such good use he put his power, that he extracted from his hearers

an amount of hilarity that seemed inexhaustible, and to which I referred later on in the evening with some astonishment, when I saw the lugubrious and lengthened faces of those who were sitting in my immediate vicinity. To come, however, to the piece itself. After Mr. Schoening had conducted the orchestra through a solemn dirge, that appeared to wish to ring a funeral knell to the play before it commenced, the curtain rose upon one of the most exquisite pieces of scene-painting I have ever seen. Not being an architect or a geometrician, I cannot say whether everything was in drawing and in perspective; but certainly the effect of this and of all the other scenes, as far, at least, as the scenic artist was concerned, was magnificent, and the audience very frequently showed their unqualified delight. Of the play as a play I can really hardly speak, because there was, first of all, so little of it, the dialogue having evidently been cut down to such an extent that it appeared here and there to spring up like vegetation after rain, in detached spots, as if the author had sprinkled it over the scenes from a pepper-box; and secondly, because I have a shrewd suspicion that the action of the piece was intelligible only to those who had read the novel. There was a great deal of ballet business, both in the house of the wicked and designing Mr. Arbaces, an Egyptian priest, who, in a sublime spirit of deprivation, had abstracted the greater portion of the young ladies' dresses; and also in the house of a certain Mr. Diomed, a house well known to the police by the vagaries of Mr. Famous Christoff (expressly engaged). At the end of the second act there was an earthquake which must have severely tried Mr. Arbaces' muscles, as the figure which ought to have crushed him wouldn't come down and finish the work he had himself begun, for just previously he had narrowly escaped spontaneous combustion in a frantic effort to assist a super in producing a light from some obstreperous red fire. A young man named Apæcides, the brother of a young girl, Ione, who, with a blind girl Nydia, are constantly in trouble, wanders through the first three acts in a state of helpless indecision, until Mr. Arbaces, who has humoured him thus far, having come to the conclusion that he is a bore, kills him by the light of several moonbeams. I ought to state that in this act there is a really capital scene between Nydia of constant trouble and a young man named Mr. Glaucus, who is very rich and is very much in love with the other young girl, Ione. The fourth act is consumed by an eruption of Vesuvians, that serves to cover the retreat of certain athletes who have been knocking one another down by invisible blows. Here also Mr. Arbaces, who by this time has come to horrid grief by the treachery of a drinking acquaintance, finds means to escape in time to enable him to reappear in the fifth act, and assist in bringing down another reluctant earthquake, which kills off everybody with the exception of Mr. Glaucus, who is soon afterwards discovered

floating about in an open boat with the two young ladies, Ione and Nydia, the latter of whom, finding there is not room enough for everybody, generously jumps into a blanket prepared for her below, and leaves the world much in the state it was when there was only one man and one woman to begin with.

It is a very great pity that the play is so badly constructed, and that it gives so little scope to an actor of Mr. Ryder's great power and undoubted talent, who has but few opportunities of doing anything else than look his part, which he certainly does *à merveille*. Miss Hodson as Nydia appealed several times to the deepest sympathies of the audience by her admirable representation of the grief that the blind suffer when they experience the necessity of sudden action.

Mr. Gilbert's new piece, 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' is attracting crowded houses at the Haymarket. The only scene (by O'Connor, who is always good) consists of the studio of a Greek artist, Pygmalion, who goes through a series of adventures, equally divided between his wife and a statue of his own workmanship, which he has brought to life by a very clever piece of stage effect. These adventures are relieved from becoming monotonous by the casual remarks of one Chrysos, an Art patron, who is always quarrelling with his wife, who on that account adores him, and snubs everybody else, the statue included. An Athenian soldier, a couple of slaves, and a young lady, the sculptor's sister, carry on their little games by themselves, and are very happy, thus forming a striking contrast to the statue, who, towards the end of the play, gets very tired of herself, and wants to go home—that is, return, by means of another stage effect, to stone. With this resolve Pygmalion is delighted, and the curtain falls upon a scene of universal hugging. I am here going to hazard a piece of oracular criticism. Mr. Buckstone, as Chrysos, the Art patron, is, of course above praise, and Miss Robertson, as the statue, is most certainly beyond it.

The Adelphi is just now rendered notorious by Mr. Charles Millward's very charming and chaste extravaganza, 'Little Snowwhite.' No one who has *read* anything of the piece can come to any other conclusion but that 'Little Snowwhite' goes far to restore the old style of extravaganza, a style happily opposed to the vulgarities of modern burlesque. I say *read*, for the *actors* are inaudible, try as you may to hear them. However, Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Alfred Mellon make up for the deficiency, and work to such good purpose, that the audience, to show their appreciation, make them sing a certain duet five times over, the refrain of which is 'For we are so awfully clever,' to which I would add, 'Which nobody can deny.' Before I forget it, let me mention a rumour I have just heard, to the effect that, in this piece, the acting of the ladies has had such an effect upon the gentlemen, that, at a meeting

held at the 'Coalhole Tavern' (a very favorite resort of distinguished men), it was unanimously resolved that they do all forthwith send in their resignations, to Mr. Benjamin Webster, on the plea that they had discovered that they had mistaken their vocations, and intended to apply for the vacant situations in the many *Australian Mutton and American Jerked Beef Companies*. I am muchly inclined to believe this rumour, especially when I remember that the charming Mesdames Beauclerc, Maude Howard, and Temple, all play in 'Little Snowwhite.'

At the Princess's we have Mr. Phelps, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and Miss Furtado, all doing their utmost to make Mr. Watts Phillips' piece, 'On the Jury,' go, which it does by the willing '*devotion*' and '*sacrifice*' of a penny steamer, whose appearance 'after dark' is sufficient '*atone-ment*' for its '*recognition*' as a steamer at all. (Lest anybody should not understand the preceding jokes, I ought to state that each of the four acts of the play is headed by one of the italicised words). Alas that Mr. Phelps and Mr. Webster have played so much, for their acting was so grand that I wished I'd been born earlier to have seen more than I have of it. What shall I say of Miss Furtado? I hardly know. But I *feel* that she is inexpressibly winning and tender in every part she undertakes.

They do say that Mr. Gilbert wrote 'Thespis' for the Gaiety, but having seen it the other night, I came to the conclusion that the statement must be mythological. Since then a friend has told me that it is all right, but that the eccentricities that startled me were owing to the fact that Mr. Toole, the principal actor, was a bit of a 'gag.' I didn't like to display my ignorance on the occasion, and so refrained from asking what a 'gag' meant. But I have since been to the Savage Club in Covent Garden, where there is a most extensive and valuable collection of works, by consulting which I discovered that the word is of Græco-Hindoo origin, and was first applied to one Gaggus, an Hibernian actor, who always managed to say everything that was not in the piece, and nothing that was in it. Perhaps, however, as the *entomologists* say, the word is corrupt, and has no derivation or meaning at all! Nevertheless, Mr. Toole, gag or no gag, has the great art of pleasing; and having 'made' everything, except enemies, wherever he goes, by the sheer force of hard work and indomitable good nature, thoroughly deserves his popularity—a popularity so great that whenever he is announced to play at the Gaiety all the seats get engaged with cruel rapidity, and the very restaurant next door gets in a fair way of making its fortune.

I must not conclude these few observations without stating that I cannot hold myself responsible for anything I have said.

W—LB—RF—RCE.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

GILLOT AND GOOSEQUILL.¹

WHY the author of the delightful 'Carols of Cockayne' should have given the above title to the poems before us we are unable to say. Was it one of those bright ideas that are depicted emanating from his head on the cover of the book, or was it the suggestion of some rival poet, who wished to mar the work by giving it an unmeaning and unrepresentative title? We are angry with Mr. Leigh—or, perhaps, it would be better to say, we are angry on his account—for we feel that many will be deterred from deriving pleasure from this excellent collection of *Vers de Société* by reason of a title which might have been given to a work on Arabian monuments with equal justice. The position which Mr. Leigh occupies in the literary world is of such a nature that his preface is barely in good taste. Surely he cannot be ignorant, when he says 'My verses mean very little,' that the style in which he writes may combine the highest philosophy, the deepest feeling, and the brightest descriptive power. Of the work itself we can but speak in terms of the warmest praise and congratulation. Without being in the slightest degree obtrusively moral, there is no one passage that can possibly offend the most delicate ear—a great deal to say in these days of uncompromising dirt. Another excellent characteristic of all Mr. Leigh's writing is its freshness, of which no better instance can be given than the opening lines:—

Take me away with you, Fancy dear,
Out of this pestilent atmosphere;
Where people are wasting lives to see
What can be spelt out of £. s. d.
Take me and hurry me leagues away—
Anywhere, anywhere, one brief day.
Carry me back into years gone by;
Cycle or century, what care I!

From certain references that occur frequently in the book, we cannot help sympathising with the author in his affection and admiration for all that he ever held dear, even so little as broken toys, of which he writes thus feelingly:

¹ 'Gillot and Goosequill.' By Henry S. Leigh, Author of 'Carols of Cockayne,' British and Colonial Publishing Company, 81A, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1s. 6d.

Whenever in my tender years
 I broke a toy of any sort,
 I honour'd with a flood of tears
 The damaged article of sport.
 Folks told me I was very weak,
 And very like a naughty boy,
 To make a streak on either cheek
 For nothing but a broken toy.
 How oft the fleet and cruel years—
 In bringing age and bringing care—
 Have brought me fitter cause for tears
 Than all my baby sorrows were.
 How many hopes—how many dreams
 'Twas theirs to give and then destroy;
 How many a past ambition seems
 No better than a broken toy?

Of life itself Mr. Leigh writes at times somewhat sombrely, as if the world to him presented constantly two sides, the one very bright, the other very sad, and it was the latter of which he saw most. He appears to know no medium; he is either in the seventh heaven of delight, or else is moralising over the vanity of all earthly things. And yet Mr. Leigh is a Cockney, and glories in it. To him the places best known in town are endeared by the associations connected with them, and Fleet Street and Covent Garden are themes on which he is never tired of dwelling. Moreover, he is a man of very moderate wants, and can console himself at all times for the absence of all that money brings, and withal that he appears to derive a certain inward satisfaction from the very fact that he can at times not only play a very prince of grumblers, but can also philosophically do without that which, if he had, he would extol with the warmest of praise. We cannot illustrate our meaning better than by quoting Mr. Leigh himself:

Tell me not of Gallic feeds;
 Only, when I touch my bell,
 Bring me all the poet needs—
 Just a chop *au naturel*.
 Tender, Phillis, let it be,
 Since it forms my only dish:
 Soups are not for such as me,
 Neither will it run to fish.
 Fetch the homely pint of ale,
 Since the poet loves his beer;
 For, whene'er the spirits fail,
 Malt and hops are kindly cheer.
 Burgundy and Claret, hence!
 Not for me the purple vine.
 Claret comes to eighteen pence,
 Burgundy is two-and-nine.

Phillis, as you seek my beer,
 If an organ-man you meet,
 Kindly, softly, bring him here ;
 He will soothe me as I eat.
 Music is the food of love,
 But my purse will not attain
 Even to the slips above
 At the Garden or the Lane.
 Bring me roses for my brow,
 Since the poet entertains
 Little hope of laurel now,
 To engird his addled brains.
 Let me, in Horatian style,
 Carry roses on my hair ;
 For I find my only tile
 Utterly unfit for wear.

The whole book so abounds in sweet, unaffected poetry, and is so well able to stand on its own merits, that we feel we need do no more than recommend it most heartily to all our readers, who, whatever be their mood, will ever find in it something congenial.

CURRY AND RICE.¹

THE expression of critical doubt and omniscience which pervaded my face when I first took up this elegantly bound volume, which is composed of the 'Ingredients of Social Life at "Our Station" in India,' soon changed to one of pleasure by the time I had reached the second illustration, which is simply inimitable. At a small deal table is seated an individual, 'Our Judge,' revelling in the wildness of an Eastern *deshabille* ; his hair is running away from his head ; his mouth and eye express an eager and undivided attention to the observations which certain stolid Hindoos, who are separated from him by a wooden railing, appear to be hurling at him with a rapidity that is evidently puzzling the quill-pen he holds in his right hand. Behind 'Our Judge' stands a shoeless servant, in all the sublimity of Eastern indifference, his arms negligently posed on the back of 'His Excellency's' chair, whom he is regarding with an air half akin to pity, an opinion that appears to be shared by an aged Hindoo, who has dropped his spectacles over his nose as if the matter in hand were not worth further consideration. The contrast between the excited condition and self-sufficiency of the Judge, and the half cynical, half indifferent, and humorous respect paid by the Hindoos, is admirably portrayed by the artist, who, having given me pleasure, at once improves upon the effect he has created, and having soon caused me to smile,

¹ 'Curry and Rice,' on forty plates ; or, The Ingredients of Social Life at 'Our Station' in India. By George Francklin Atkinson, Captain Bengal Engineers. London : John B. Day, Savoy Street, Strand.

never leaves me till he has landed me at an illustration entitled 'Our Pack of Hounds,' which not only convinces me that the book is humorous and life-like, but sends me into an uncontrolled fit of laughter. To the left of the picture you see Reynard (a jackal), with a somewhat anxious expression of countenance, making the best of the liberty that a long-boned Hindoo, who till now has kept our friend in a wicker basket, has granted him. 'Our Pack of Hounds' are, of course, the most prominent objects, and deservedly so, for certainly no Irish row ever brought together so ill-assorted, or incongruous an assembly. The ever anxious bull-dog is well to the fore; close to his heels is a sleek greyhound, whose ears appear to be starting out of his head; these are surrounded by every possible breed and half-breed, not to speak of certain positive curs, who are making the air resound with their clamorous cries. When I add that this mass is restrained by two very lean and uncomfortable-looking Hindoos, nobody surely will wonder that the sporting gentlemen in the background must indeed be enthusiastic Nimrods.

Each of Captain Atkinson's sketches is accompanied by a description, which in most cases is fully as graphic and entertaining as the drawing itself, and prove him to be, not only an able draughtsman, but also a writer of no mean power.

The amusing difficulties of 'Our Theatricals' are thus described by him :

'Let us pop behind the scenes. The band has thundered forth its operatic airs; the company have poured in; the melodramatizers, after a world of commotion and a profusion of scuffling and driving off of servants, have at last fairly commenced operations; the bell has tinkled; the prompter has hauled up the green curtain, to the detriment of his tights and the discomposure of his temper; the drama has opened—touching are the scenes—unnerved are the spectators—pocket-handkerchiefs are in demand; the plot thickens—the climax is at hand. Chumuch is the hero; a touching scene lies before him; he is in difficulties—he hums—he haws—he edges off to the wings—he eyes the prompter imploringly.

"Weep," whispers the prompter, compassionately.

"What? What?"

"Weep! wee-ep! wee-e-ep!" speaks the prompter, in a graduated crescendo scale.

"What?—what the deuce is it? Speak out!"

"Weep!" shouts the prompter. "Confound it; can't you weep!—Weep!" roars the prompter.

'The touching appeal, together with the emphatic reply, has caught the ear of the house, and the laughter is prodigious; but Chumuch, unabashed, faces the storm, and weeps convulsively.'

The whole work is so humorous, so life-like, so witty, and yet so inoffensive, that it is sure to delight all readers, but especially those who are connected with or have lived in India. I would add one thing; the way the book is got up is a credit to the publisher.



